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35.

57.

LETTERS
OF
MAJOR J. DOWNING.



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LETTERS
OF
MAJOR DOWNING.

SECOND ENGLISH EDITION,
CONTAINING THREE ADDITIONAL LETTERS.

First Printed at New-York, 1834.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
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OF
J. D O W N I N G,
MAJOR,
DOWNINGVILLE MILITIA,
SECOND BRIGADE,
TO
HIS OLD FRIEND MR. DWIGHT,
OF THE
NEW-YORK DAILY ADVERTISER.

SECOND ENGLISH EDITION,
WITH THREE ADDITIONAL LETTERS.

From the latest New-York Edition.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

MDCCCXXXV.

57.

LONDON:
Printed by **WILLIAM CLOWES and Sons,**
Stamford Street.



NOTICE.

THE interest of these Letters lies partly in the simple and blunt, yet forcible, and not unfrequently convincing manner, with which certain intricate questions, of much importance to the nation, are treated in them ; partly in the peculiar compound of the bluntness and shrewdness of a country Yankee, being personified in Major Jack Downing, the pretended author of the Letters ; partly, also, in the impudence of the real author, who, *sans façon*, makes the Major tell long stories of what happened between him and the President, the Vice-president, Mr. Clay, Calhoun, Biddle, and other distinguished citizens ; and, again, in the singular mode which the author has chosen for bringing forth his views and arguments, as Jack Downing pretends to belong to the party of the President, while the real author is a member of that party which thinks that the President has wantonly *disenchanted* the constitution, as Napoleon said of Dupont's defeat at Baylen :—" *Il a desenchanté l'armée.*" . . . They will be a curiosity to the philologist some hundred years hence, when the true Yankee idiom will have given

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way, as all provincial languages in time do ; and in fact they are now of interest to the student, unacquainted with the peculiar expressions of New England.'—*The Stranger in America.*

' Since Washington Irving's delightful genius first revealed itself in the Knickerbocker, we have met with few specimens of native American *humour* calculated to make any very favourable impression on this side the Atlantic ; with none, in our humble opinion, approaching by many degrees to the merit of this thoroughly homespun production. The Letters of Major Downing appeared originally in the New York Advertiser, at the time when General Jackson's grand experiment on the banking system of the United States was exciting throughout the chief provinces of that republic an interest hardly, if at all, inferior to what was among ourselves concentrated in 1831 upon the question of Parliamentary Reform. They produced a powerful effect, and were presently collected into a volume, adorned with a variety of wood-cuts, which, though very rudely executed, are not without indications of the same odd humour that characterizes the text. Edition has followed edition, until they are no longer enumerated on the title page ; and the author, Mr. Davis, of the respectable mercantile house of Brookes and Davis, New York, has fairly established a formidable reputation

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among the politicians of the Western World—by what the European reader, unenlightened as to the topics, and indifferent as to the persons, discussed and satirized by his imaginary Militia Major, may be apt to consider merely as a handful of grotesque drolleries,—a local and ephemeral *jeu d'esprit*.

‘ We certainly shall not affect to hang a dissertation concerning American political economy, and the merits of the Jackson Government, upon a performance of this description. Mr. Coleridge, however, has laid it down that every man of humour is more or less a man of genius,—and, whether that be or be not so, few will dispute that all really effective humour must be bottomed upon a substratum of strong good sense. If, therefore, our readers derive any solid aliment for their minds from the extracts which we are about to submit, we shall be well pleased ; but the primary object with us is to illustrate the merits of the author as a humourist, and more especially to call attention to what we think by far the most amusing, as it must be allowed to be the most authentic, specimen that has as yet reached Europe of the actual colloquial dialect of the Northern States. It will be manifest that the representations of this gibberish, for which Mr. Mathews, Mrs. Trollope, and other strangers have been so severely handled by the American critics, were, in fact, chargeable

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with few sins except those of omission. The most astounding and incredible of their Americanisms occur, *passim*, in the work of Major Downing ; but it is as obvious that the wealth and prodigal luxury of his vocabulary put the poverty of theirs to shame, as that he applies the particular flowers and gems of republican rhetoric which had caught their fancy, with a native ease and felicity altogether beyond the reach of any superficial and transitory admirer not "to the manner born." — *Quarterly Review*, No. 106.

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INTRODUCTION.

**Genuine Original Letter of Major Downing, about this
Genuine Book.**

**To my old friend Mr. Dwight, of the N. Y. Daily
Advertiser.**

Washington, 1st Jan. 1834.

I JEST got a letter from Zekel Bigelow, tellin me that a good many folks want to git all the letters I writ to you printed in a book, for there's a good many kounterfits goin about, and this is the only way to put a cross on 'em. I had a kinder notion the kounterfitters would git to work, and that's the reason why I always stuck to your paper—for I was afeard, as I said once afore in one of my letters to you, that I should git stump'd sometimes myself with some of them kounterfits, jest as my old friend Captain Jumper, of the Two Pollies, and President

of the Downingville Bank, was a spell ago, when they brought him a bill on his Bank to examin. It was so slick a kounterfit the Captain couldn't tell himself: but he is one of them kind of folks that never says nothin to *commit* himself; so says he, 'Now it looks like a kounterfit, and now agin it don't; and so upon the hull I should say it's about midlin.'

Zekel says that Mr. Harper and Brothers in New-York are master hands at printin books, and they can turn 'em out there nigh upon as fast as Peleg Bissel can wooden clocks.

There ain't no use in printin all the letters I writ to you afore I started with the Ginerall on the Grand Tower; for I writ to so many folks afore that time, that I can't tell the giniwine from the kounterfits. But you best begin where I tell'd you I warn't drowned, and then keep on, and let Zekel look over with you and correct the spellin, for he is a master hand at that—and he is a real Jaskson man, too; and I don't want nothin printed in that book unless Zekel and you look well into it, and see there is no mistake.

I only wish I had gone to school a leetle more when I was a boy—if I had, my letters now would

make folks crawl all over: but if I had been to school all my lifetime, I know I never could be able to write more honestly than I have. I am sometimes puzzled most plaguily to git words to tell jest exactly what I think, and what I know; and when I git 'em, I don't know exactly how to spell 'em—but so long as I git the sound, I'll let other folks git the sense on't—pretty much as our old friend down to Salem, who bilt a big ship to go to China—he call'd her the '*Asha*.' Now there is sich a thing as folks knowin too much: all the larned ones was puzzled to know who '*Asha*' was; and they never would know to this day what it ment, if the owner of the ship hadn't tell'd 'em that China was in *Asha*.' 'Oh! ah!' says the larned folks, 'we see now—but that ain't the way to spell it.' 'What,' says he, 'if *A-s-h-a* don't spell *Asha*, what on earth does it spell?' And that stump'd 'em.

Now that's pretty much all I've got to say about my spellin—if folks ain't too larned when they read my letters, they'll git along pretty well; but if they keep thinkin of Latin and grammar all the while, they'll be stump'd pretty often. When they read my letters, I want them, if they don't know

me, jest to keep an eye on my likeness in the book, and all the while to keep thinkin that I am a good-natur'd honest critter as ever marched at the head of a brigade of militia.

As soon as the book is printed, I want you to send a copy on't to the Ginerál: he keeps all my letters in the newspapers, but he would like amazingly to have 'em in a book.

I and the Ginerál have been lookin over the laws about frankin, and we come to the notion that as all my letters are on public business, any of our Congressmen can frank 'em as public documents. So if you can git a good lot on 'em here afore Congress goes hum, they will frank 'em all over the country.

If in any of my letters to you I handle any folks without mittins who don't deserve it, it is because I find 'em in bad company.

Zekel Bigelow wants me to write a Preface to the book, and to say somethin about my life; but it's no use: folks know more about me already than I ever tell'd 'em, and some know a leetle more than I do myself. The Ginerál says, and I say so too, that it don't amount to nothin to tell *when* and *where* a man was born, so much as to know how he

gives, and how, and when, and where he is goin to die—that's a plaguy deal more important. I am as true an American, evry inch on me, as ever went barefoot till I could earn money enuff, by my own labour, beyend payin for schoolin, to buy me a pair of shoes: and there ain't a critter in the country I would willingly singe if I didn't think he deserv'd it; and when I find sich kind of folks in office, I want to sarve 'em as Captain Jumper sarves rats in the Two Pollicies,—smoke 'em out. As long as I live I mean to do all the good I can; and if folks will only keep an eye to what I tell 'em, things will go strait enuff to rights: but that won't be till the people agree to vote for no man to any office unless he has got a good character, and is capable to do all the duties honestly and well, and according to law,—but if the people put scamps in office, jest because they are party-men, things will go on worse and worse, and there won't be no laws but jest such laws as will keep these very scamps in their offices; and so, instead of havin laws to protect us agin scamps, we'll have scamps to make laws for us; and that's jest turnin things the rong eend first. We have got good laws now,—and all that is wantin to keep 'em so,

is for the people to see that none but the good, and the wise, and the honest, git into office to execute the laws ; and if by any accident a sly chap slips in, we must keep a sharp eye on him, and as soon as he goes crooked, smoke him out.

Now this is pretty much all I have got to say about the book ; and as to the Preface to it, don't forgit my face, and the Ginerals face ; and let the likenesses be good and natural.

Your Friend,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2nd Brigade.

It may perhaps be expected that we shall give some account of our intercourse with our friend Major Downing, previously to the date of the first letter in the following series; but not foreseeing what was likely to grow out of it, we were not careful to preserve any of his Communications, before the commencement of what he emphatically calls "*The Grand Tower.*"

The Major did not, on his arrival here with "*the General,*" call on us as he had promised; and, as we naturally supposed he was mixed up with great folks, above our calibre, we did not call on him. We candidly confess, that not esteeming, as perhaps we ought to have done, the company he was in, we were a little inclined to avoid unnecessary familiarity with him.

After the "*Grand Tower*" left us, and had proceeded eastward, a "*Coroner's Inquest*" was handed us for publication; and it was with an odd mixture of regret and pleasure we saw that a body had been picked up in the Bay, which, from the description, was supposed to be that of the Major, — "*drowned at the bridge at Castle Garden;*" and it was published by us.

This article no sooner met the Major's eye,

than he sent us the letter which commences this volume, and which we published immediately after its receipt. It gave such evidence of there being something in "*the crittur*," that the whole town came to us for a printed copy of it, and the papers throughout the country gave it an insertion. The Major saw, no doubt, that he had at last hit the nail on the head; and he continued writing to us, and we as often published his letters. His fame soon rose to an elevated station: and from his letters *exclusively* to this paper, he owes his exalted reputation; as his Letter No. XVII. in this volume fully acknowledges.

In offering this volume to the public, we are perfectly aware that much of its contents has already been read by the community at large, in the public papers. That these letters have experienced a degree of popularity, of which no other fugitive production of our country can boast, is well known to every person who has had an opportunity to see the newspapers in various parts of the Union. That they discover genius and talents of an original and distinguished character, will be admitted by every competent judge. The plan of them is new, the satire keen but good-natured, and the humour irresistibly ludicrous. And when it is considered that all the articles which have appeared in the New-York Daily Adver-

tiser, under the signature of "J. DOWNING, MAJOR OF DOWNINGVILLE MILITIA, 2d BRIGADE," and are republished in this volume, are *the work of one hand*, the fact will afford conclusive evidence of the truth of the remark just made respecting the author's genius and talents.

THEODORE DWIGHT,

Editor of the N. Y. Daily Advertiser,

and the Friend of Major Downing.

New York, January, 1834.

ZEKEL BIGELOW'S CERTIFICATE.

THIS is to sartify, that I have, accordin to the direction of my friend Major Downing, carefully examined and corrected the spellin of all the Letters published in this Book and written by him. I find them to be the rale genuine Letters from him to his friend Mr. Dwight. The originals in his own hand writin have been all shown to me by Mr. Dwight, and there can't be no mistake, as I know Major Downing's handwritin as well as I do my own; and as a proof on't I got the Gravers to copy one of his Signatures which may be found at the bottom of the Picture of the "*Downingville folks*," and it is as much like the original handwritin of Major Downing, as old John Hancock's is of hisn to the Declaration of Independence.

And then, too, as to the likenesses of the Downingville folks, they are all as true as natur.

The Major is on top, and is in his cock'd hat

and regimentals, jist as he looks a training days. The next head under his nose is old Joshua Downing; the next below Uncle Joshua is Sargent Joel; and facin the Sargent is my own likeness, with the likeness of Deacon Willoby betwixt us. Right above my own likeness is Peleg Bissel's; and in the middle of the hull on 'em is the Deacon's darter. I thought I best put her as nigh her father and the Major as I could—and I know it will tickle the Major most desperately; for he has had a sneakin notion arter her ever since we had a raisin at Downingville of the Deacon's fullin-mill; but the Deacon never would give his consent on 'count of the major's military notions; but now that the Major has got up in the world, the Deacon don't talk so much agin the Major, but has been heard to say, if he was sartin the Ginerall and the Major would hold together a spell, he wouldn't stand agin his darter's goin and joinin the Government. So there is no tellin yet what will come on't. That's the talk at Downingville, but I don't know nothin sartin about it myself; but I thought it was right to tell all I know, on 'count of other women folks, who may be curious to know consarnin sich matters.

As the Major has said a good deal about me in his Letters, there ain't much use of my sayin much on that score. I left Downingville shortly arter the Grand Tower finished there, and sold off my packin-yard and moved to this city. I was pretty sartin, as things was going, there was about to be a shower of good things among some folks, and that Wall-street was jest the place to run my net; and considerin that it has ben pretty tuff times with a good many, I hain't got much to complain on, seein that I ain't oblig'd to ride home in an omnibus, or go on foot nother, every day to dinner; but can go in my own carriage, which comes down for me jist arter bank hours. I considered a considerable spell afore I made up my mind what to do when I got to New York. I found a good many societies here, but ony one on 'em seemed to meet my notions—or, rather, I could ony find one in which I thought I could do more good than in any other, and that was "*The Society for the Relief of distressed Merchants*;" and so I join'd that jest in the very nick of time—for I have ben as busy ever since I join'd it as ever I was in sortin and packin mackerel when our fishermen got home.

I thought I would jest mention this whilst my hand was in, to let folks know where I be, who may want assistance from this Society. I don't like to underrate nobody, but I can say, if any one needs assistance in my line, if they don't say arter gettin it of me, that they have *got it* a leetle the slickest, then my name ain't-

ZEKEL BIGELOW,

Broker and Banker,

Wall-street, New York.

LETTERS
OF
MAJOR J. DOWNING.

LETTER I.

FROM THE NEW-YORK DAILY ADVERTISER.

[We are happy to learn that the announcement of the supposed death by drowning, which appeared in this paper a few days ago, was a mistake, and that the distinguished individual, Major Downing, is sound and well, down East. We have strong hopes of hearing frequently from him, touching his and the President's tour.—*Eds.*]

Boston, 25th June, 1833.

MR. EDITOR,—I have seen in your paper a 'Crowner's Inquest,' saying I was drowned at the bridge at Castle Garden, and picked up down in York Bay. This is a tarnal lie, and I wish you to say so; I did not so much as get my feet wet when the bridge fell, though it was a close shave, I tell you. I was riding right alongside the Ginneral,—if any thing, a little ahead on him. But this aint the only thumper I've heard about that scrape. I have heard it said, that Mr. Van Buren had sawed the string-pieces under the bridge (any body may guess for what;) but that can't be so, for he was right behind the Ginneral when the bridge fell, and all the folks were floundering in

the mud and water. I thought he was gone, too, for he was right in the thickest on 'em. I and the Ginerl clapt in the spurs, and we went quick enough through the crowd on the Battery; and the first thing I saw was Mr. Van Buren hanging on the tail of the Ginerl's horse, and streaming out behind as straight as old Deacon Willoby's cue, when he is a little too late to meetin. Some of the folks said it look'd like the 'Flying Dutchman,' and some said something about 'Tam O'Shanter;' but never mind, we snaked him out of that scrape as slick as a whistle. I don't believe any one was drowned; but some did get a mortal ducking. I never see such a mess: they went in there like frogs—and such an eternal mixing—colonels, and captains, and niggers, and governors, and sailors, and all: it made no odds which went first, or what end was uppermost. And when we got up to the tavern, where we put up over night, I and the Ginerl had a real laugh, to see all our folks coming in one arter another. Gov. Cass had a bandanna tied round his head,— 'What,' says I, 'Governor, are you hurt?' 'Not as I knows on,' says he; 'but I lost my wig.' And sure enough, come to take off the handkercher, his wig was gone. 'Well,' says I, 'Governor, you've got the whole Indian tribes in your department, and it is a hard case if you can't get a scalp to suit you.' And the Ginerl snorted right out at this. And then come Gov. Massy; and he had his pantaloons rip'd from the waistband clean down to the knee. 'Well,' says I, 'this beats all *natur*; it will cost more than fifty cents to mend

them.' 'Never mind, Massy,' says the General, 'if you can't get them are pantaloons mended, the State 'll give you a new pair.' And then we all snorted and sniker'd, I tell you.

I suppose it won't amount to nothing to tell you what we did in York; for it seems to me every living cretur was there. I never seesuch a crowd in all creation; and it has been just so all the while up to this hour.

I've got the rumatiz now all over me—I ha'nt had my hat on for nearly three weeks. As soon as we go out, I take one side and the General t'other, and once in a while we change sides, and keep it up, bowing right and left. I like that better than shakin hands, for I can stand it now, and with one swing bow over five thousand folks at once, and we can't shake off half that number before breakfast.

Mr. Van Buren gets along pretty well here among the Yankees, considering; but he has got his hands full, I tell you. They don't hurra here quite as much as they do down south, but kinder like to talk over things, you know, and we've got plaguey little time for that. 'Major,' says Mr. Van Buren, one day, 'I wish you would do all the talkin with these manufactory folks—you have a nack that way.' 'Well,' says I, 'I don't know but I have, but,' says I, 'Mr. Van Buren, I guess you can talk as glib as most folks.' So he can: for I do raly believe, if Mr. Van Buren was to set up a factory, he would turn out cloth that would suit any kind of living cretur, and no one could tell whether it was made of cotton or flax, hemp or wool—twilled,

or plain-striped, or checker'd—but little of all on 'em. I never see such a curious cretur as he is—evry body likes him, and he likes evry body; and he is just like evry body; and yet, in all the droves of folks I've seen since I left Washington, I never saw any body like Mr. Van Buren. Enos Lyman got a painter to try and get a likeness of Mr. Van Buren, for his sign-board to the tavern, on the road to Tanton. 'Well, now,' says I, 'just put up your brushes; you may just as well try to paint a flash of heat-lightning in dog-days.' But he tried it, and the sign-board looks about as much like Mr. Van Buren as a salt cod-fish looks like a pocket handkercher.

We start to-morrow morning down east, and I sha'nt be able to write another word till arter we have been to Downingville. I'm going on ahead to lend Sergant Joel a hand to get things to rights there; and if you don't hear of cracking work down there, that will make 'em stare, I'm mistaken. The Ginerall is amazingly tickled with the Yankees; and the more he sees on 'em, the better he likes 'em. 'No nullification here, Major,' says he. 'No,' says I, 'Ginerall: Mr. Calhoun would stand no more chance down east here, than a stump'd-tail bull in fly time.'

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

LETTER II.

To the Editor of the New-York Daily Advertiser.

Downingville, 29th June, 1833.

DEAR SIR,—This is going to be rather a lengthy letter. We've had real times. I begun to feel pretty streaked for our folks when I see what was done on Boston Common, and over there to little Cambridge. I told you I was going on here to get things to rights; and when I got here, I found 'em in a terrible taken about that crowner's lie down in York Bay. There was nothin at all goin on.

I went full drive down to the meetin-house, and got hold of the rope, and pull'd away like smoke, and made the old bell turn clean over. The folks come up thick enough then to see what was to pay, and filled the old tabernacle chock full, and there was more outside than you could count. 'Now,' says I, 'I spose you think there's going to be preaching here to-day, but that is not the business. The Ginerall is comin.' That was enough—'Now,' says I, 'be spry. I tell'd the Ginerall last winter he'd see nothing till he got down here, and if we don't make him stare then there's no snakes. Where's Captain Finny?' says I. 'Here I be,' says he; and there he was, sure enough; the crittur had just come out of his bush-pasture, and had his bush-hook with him. Says I, 'Captain Finny, you are to be the max-

shal of the day.' Upon that he jumps right on eend. 'Now,' says I, 'where is Seth Sprague, the schoolmaster?' 'Here I be,' says he; and there he stood with his pitch-pipe up in the gallery, just as if I was going to give out the salm for him. 'You just pocket your pitch-pipe,' says I, 'Seth, and brush up your larnin, for we have pitched on you to write the address.'—'Why, Major,' says Zekiel Bigelow, 'I thought I was to do that, and I've got one already.' 'But,' says I, 'you don't know nothing about Latin; the G-neral can't stomach any thing now without its got Latin in it, ever since they made a Doctor on him down there to Cambridge t'other day; but howsever,' says I, 'you shall give the address after all, only just let Seth stick a little Hog-latin into it here and there. And now,' says I, 'all on you be sry, and don't stop stirrin till the pudden's done.'

Then they begun to hunt for hats, and down the gallery-stairs they went. And if there'd been forty thanksgivens and independence days comin in a string, I don't believe there could be more racket than there was in Downingville that afternoon and night.

By ten o'clock next mornin all was ready. I had 'em all stationed, and I went out and come back three or four times across the brook by the potash to try 'em. I got a white hat on, and shag-bark stick, put some flour on my head, and got on to my sorrel horse, and looked just as much like the old gentleman as I could. Arter *tryin them* two or three times, I got 'em all as

limber as a with, and the last time I tried 'em; you've no idee, it went off just as slick as ile.

'Now,' says I, 'tenshon the hull! Stand at ease till you see me agin;' and then I streaked it down to old Miss Crane's tavern, about two miles off, and waited till the Ginerall come along; and afore I had mixed a second glass of switchel up they came, and the Ginerall looked as chirk and lively as a skipper.

'Now,' says I, 'Ginerall, we are going right into Downingville, and no man here is to give any orders but myself,' and I said this loud enough for Mr. Van Buren and Governor Woodbury and all on 'em to hear me, and they were all as hush arter that as cows in a clover-lot. Then we all mounted, and on we went—I and the Ginerall a leetle a-head on 'em. And when we crossed the brook, says I, 'don't be afeard of the string-pieces here, Ginerall—we aint in York now.' 'I'll follow you, Major,' says he, 'through thick and thin—I feel safe here.'

Jest as we got on the nôle on tother side the brook, we come in sight of Downingville. The Ginerall riz right up in his stirrups, and pointed with his hickory, and says he, 'Major, that's Downingville.' Says I, 'that's true enuf, and I should like to hear any one say it aint,' says I—'for the sight on't makes me crawl all over, and whenever I hear any one say one word agin it, I feel as tho' I could take him, as I have done streaked snakes, by the tail, and snap his head off.' 'Why,' says the Ginerall, 'I knew that was Downingville as soon as my eye caught a glimpse

on't. I'd go,' says he, 'Major, east of sunrise any day to see sich a place.' The Ginerl was tickled to pieces, and I thought I should go myself right through my shirt-collar—for, you see, the Ginerl never see sich a sight afore.

Seth Sprague had put the children all on the school-house—you couldn't see an atom of the roof—with green boughs, and singing a set piece he had made; and when I and the Ginerl passed by they made it all ring agin, I tell you; whether it was his facing the sun or what, but he looked as if he was e'eny jist a going to cry (for he is a mazin tender-hearted crittur). Jist then Sargent Joel, who had charge of the field-piece in front of the meetin'-hous, touched her off; and didn't she speak! This composed the Ginerl in a minute—says he, 'Major, I shouldn't want nothing better than a dozen of them guns to change the boundry-line along here jest to suit you—but look, Major, what on earth has got into Mr. Van Buren's horse?' Sure enough, Sargent Joel had put in a leetle too much waddin, if any thing, and Enoch Bissel, as sly as a weasel, slipped in a swad of grass, that hit Mr. Van Buren's horse, and set him capering till he kinder flung him. I was as wrathy as murder; says I, 'where is he?' and I arter him full split—he was clippin it across the orchard, so that you might put an egg on his coat-flap, and it wouldn't role off. I streaked it round the corner of the stone-fence to head him—but afore I got to him he ketched Mr. Van Buren's horse, and was clearing out of the county—and afore this he is slick enough in the Province.

They tell different stories about it, but Deacon Willoby saw the hull on it, and he says Mr. Van Buren hung on like a lamper-eel, till he was kinder jerked up like a trounced toad, and he came down on the horse's rump jist as he kicked up behind, and that sent him clean over the fence into the Deacon's potato-patch. He turned over so fast in the air you could not tell one end from tother; but his feet struck first, and he stood there, the Deacon says, and made as handsome a bow to the folks as if nothing on earth had happened to him.

The review of Captain Finny's company did take the shine off them are Boston and Salem sogers, I tell you; but they was all so keen arter the Ginerall that all I and Captain Finny could do, we couldn't keep the line strait; and they all got into such a snarl, that you might as well try to straiten a sheep's wool.

The bell was ringing all the while; two people was up there with stone hammers poundin on her, caze Uncle Josh had gone and took the bell-rope, and tied one eend on't to the steeple, and carried the tother eend over to the Deacon's chimbly, more than twelve rods off; and every inch on't was hung full of flags, and where there wa'n't no flags, he had got all the cloth out of the fullin-mill; and the gals and Downingville boys had gin all their handkerchers, and gowns, and flannel-shirts, and it was so high up, and the wind kinder shook 'em all together so you couldn't tell a checked shirt from an old Continental. The Ginerall was tickled half to death; says he,

‘Major, that looks about right.’ ‘It does so,’ says I; ‘Gineral, if that ain’t union, I don’t know.’ He’s as keen as a brier to catch anything cunnin; he don’t care where he is, he snorts right out.

As soon as we got down to the meetin-house door, Zekil Bigelow gin the address; it was stuck full of Latin words here and there, like burs in a stray sheep’s fleece. Zekil is a knowin cretur: he keeps a packin-yard, and salts down more fish than any man in three counties round: he don’t know so much about Latin as some folks, but he did get along with his address most curious. He thank’d the Gineral for comin to Downingville in the first place, and then he thank’d him for his proclamation, and for presarvin the Union, and threw in the salt, and the nitre, and pickle, and when he come to talk of the nullifiers, he cut and shaved, and made the scales fly, I tell you. Every hair on the Gineral’s head stood strait on eend. And there stood that cretur Zekiel right afore him, talking like a book, and his head was as smooth, and every hair on it slicked down with a dipped candle; and that are kew of his wo’d tell the folks behind which way his eye turned jest as well as though they was lookin strait in his face—oaze it kinder lodged on his collar, and every time he looked up, it would stand still a minet, and point right strait up in the air.

Then cum the Gineral’s turn,—his heart was so full, he could but jest speak, and I was jist agoin to begin for him, when out he came:—

‘*My friends,*’ says he, ‘though I tell’d ’em

down south my father was an Irishman, and my mother, too, I am as clear a Yankee (and he turned, and lookin round him, slap'd his hand on my shoulder), as the Major himself,' says he, 'and he knows it.' 'So I do,' says I, 'Gineral, I tell'd 'em all so often enough.' 'I will presarve the Union, I'll be hang'd and choak'd to death if I don't; and when I want pickle I know where to find it. I am glad to hear you say that salt petre once in a while is good—I always thought so—and if the Constitution spiles in my hands for the want of it, I wont stand another election.' Here the Gineral was going to stop, but, says I, in his ear, 'You must give 'em a little Latin, Doctor.' Here he off hat agin—'E pluribus unum,' says he, 'my friends, sine qua non.' 'That'll do, Gineral,' says I; and then we turn'd to, and shook all the folks round till dinner time, and then we made the bake beans and salt pork fly, and the cider too, I tell you. The folks hadn't eat nothin since I got on to the ground. Arter dinner I tell'd the Gineral about that are blasted rascal, Enoch Bissel, who tucked in the grass waddin. 'That's the same fellow,' says I, 'Major Barry turn'd out of the Post Office. I knew he was a scamp, and if he wasn't *then*, he is *now*.' 'Why, Major,' says the Gineral, 'it was jest so with that infernal rascal Randolph; if he didn't desearve what I gin him *afore* he attacked me, he sartinly did afterwards, and where's the odds?' 'Plaguey little,' says I, 'Gineral.'

To-night we're goin to a quiltin at Uncle Josh's. Miss Willoby, the Deacon's eldest darter, is sprucin

up for it. She is rather too old to be handsome, but she is a keen cretur. The Ginerall and Mr. Van Buren both talk about her considerable. If the Ginerall don't keep a sharp look out, Mr. Van Buren will go clean ahead on him on that tack; for he is the *pertitest* cretur amongst the women you ever see. The Ginerall says he must have some of our Yankee gals in the cabinet next winter, and I kinder have a notion there will be some hitchin teems doune hereabouts afore we quit.

We shall go strait from here to *Saratogue*, and wash inside and out there. I expect we shall all need washin afore we get there.

This is the longest letter I ever writ in all my life, but I'm to hum now. It would cost you a good many of your odd ninepenses, I guess, to pay the postage, if it warnt for the President—he franks all my letters—and that aint what he does for most folks.

I may tell you about the quiltin frolic to-night, in my next, but I wont promise; for I have jest as much as I can do here, to do all the chores for the Ginerall, and write near about fifty letters a day for him.

Yours to sarve,

J. DOWNING, Major,

Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

LETTER III.

Causes of the sudden termination of the President's
Eastern Tour—Dance at Downingville—Trying on the
Gineral's Coat.

*On my way from Saratogue to Washington.
Part land, part water—but all steam.*

July 14, 1833.

DEAR SIR,—Ever since I wrote to you from Downingville that plaguy long letter, I ha'nt writ one letter, except for the President; so all the accounts you have seen since are a pack of lies. I thought I would wait to see what they would say about the Gineral's goin hum so sudden, and the cause on't, before I tell'd you all about it. Now this is the hull on't—You remember I tell'd you we were all goin that night to a quiltin at Uncle Josh's; well, we did go, and we had a great time on't, you may depend. But it endid in trouble, and split all our folks up into kindlin-wood. Arter the quiltin, they cleared away the kiver-lids and knock'd up a dance. The Gineral led off the old Deacon's darter, and afore he got half down he began to smoke; so he off coat, and at it agin, and went cleau through. I kept my eye on Mr. Van Buren, who was not dancing then, but was ready to cut in in case the Gineral giv out. As soon as this dance was over, he slipped round and whispered somethin to the fidler, and then told the folks he'd like to show 'em a new

dance. Cass, and Woodberry, and all on us run off to git partners, and all made for the Deacon's darter, for she was as spruce and as fine as a fiddle, but she was *engaged to Mr. Van Buren*. That crittur, it seems, had secured her for the second dance, whilst we were all at dinner talking politics.

We had all been drinkin putty considerable of switchel, and cider, and egg-pop, with a little New England in it, and felt good-natur'd and wrathly jest as it turned up, and come plaguy nigh havin a fight right off—for I didn't kinder like that move of Mr. Van Buren's. However, I thought I wouldn't spile sport, seein I was to hum, and they all strangers: the Ginerall tell'd me to let him alone, and he'd put things to rights: sure enuf, he work'd round, and put all the folks in a ring, so there warn't no top nor no bottom, they were all kinder head and kinder tail. 'Now,' says he, 'I'll call the figers,'—and the fiddle began—and such a caperen you never see. 'First dance to your partners,' says he; and at it they went, he all the while figerin in the middle with the Deacon's darter. After shufflin away at this, the tune changed, and he called out,—'Change partners, and shuffle the next;' and so they chang'd, and shuffled and changed, one arter another, till each one danced clean round the ring. 'Now,' says he, 'all hands round—turn partners half round—cross over with a swing—back agin—right and left—riggledown and shuffle:' and you never see sich a snarl—there warn't one of 'em had the *partner he started with*. Uncle Josh, who led off

old Miss Sprague, Seth's mother, had got Zekil Bigelow's youngest darter; Sargent Joel was dancing with the Deacon; and Cass and Woodberry stood back to back shufflin to nobody; and there was that crittur Mr. Van Buren, with the Deacon's darter, shavin it down, right along side the fidler, clean up head, and just then he twitch'd the bow out of the fidler's hand, and gin it a draw over a candle, and that put a stop to the music for that night. The General snorted: says he, 'Major, I tell'd you he'd put things strait—'tis just so in my Cabinet—he's a master crittur to put things to rights there; and when we all got in that plaguy snarl there, he cut and shuffled them up, and afore we could say Jack Robinson, all the troublesome fellers were shuffled out.' 'He's a master hand at it,' says I, 'sure enuff.' As there was an eend of the dance, all the galls off shoes and stockins, and went hum, caze it was kinder muddy: and we all went to the tavern, and the General went to bed. We all then began to plan for the next day, but some of the folks was plaguy crusty. Seth Sprague wanted to show his school-house; Zekil Bigelow wanted all on us to go to his packin-yard; and the Deacon said he would like to show us his fullin-mill, and give a kinder thanksgivin; but nothin seemed to go right. We concluded to call the General, and so I went in, but he was so sound asleep I thought it wouldn't do to wake him; so, for a kinder sport, I brought out his hat, and coat, and hickory. 'Now,' says I, 'this is all I can get of the General to-night, and we'll all try on, and whoever they fit best, shall decide what's to

be done :’ and we put Zekil in the chair as moderator. Woodberry was just goin to take off his coat, when Zekil, and nigh upon all on ’em, said he carried a leetle too much blubber, and he stood aside and didn’t try at all. Cass off coat and put on the Ginerals’s, and it fitted him to a hair; but the Ginerals’s hat was a *leetle* too small for him. Mr. Van Buren’s turn came next: as soon as he put on the coat, he riz on his toes; but it would not do; it kivered him to his heels, and the hat fell on his shoulders, and you couldn’t see nothin on earth of him. ‘How does that look, Zekil?’ says he. ‘Why,’ says Zekil, ‘it looks plaguy curious.’ ‘Is the coat too long, or am I too short?’ says Mr. Van Buren. ‘Well, I don’t know exactly which,’ says Zekil, ‘I’ll think on’t to rights.’ ‘That’s right, Zekil,’ says I, ‘don’t commit yourself;’ and then they all kinder snickered; and the laugh went agin Mr. Van Buren. ‘Now, my friends,’ says Mr. Van Buren, ‘one word, and I’m done—it is not, and never has been, and never will be my wish to fit the coat and hat *exactly*; but I think that whoever wears either ‘should be least seen.’ ‘Well,’ says Zekil, ‘that’s my notion too;’ and that kinder turned the laugh tother way.

Then cum my turn; but I see how the cat jump’d, ‘so,’ says I, ‘I’ll just step out and rig in another room:’ and I went strait to the Ginerals, and woke him up, and tell’d him all about it—he was as wrathy as thunder—and when he gets his dander up, it’s no joke, I tell you. So in he went. ‘Well,’ says Zekil, ‘if I hadn’t seen the Major *look jest so this mornin*, I’d swear that was the

General himself.' The General then gin 'em all a hard look, and said somthin, but a plaguy leetle softer; and the cat was out of the bag—and then cum trouble. 'What,' says he, 'all on ye Presidents, hey! who has been trying on my coat?' They were all as mum as a Quaker meetin. 'I'll start by daylight,' says he, 'for Washington.'—'Major,' says he, 'do you go by the way you have plann'd, and tell the folks that I can't cum; for may I be eternally'—'That will do,' says I, 'General.' And with that he gin 'em all a real hard look, and went to bed. The next morning, sure enuf, he was off, Mr. Van Buren and some others with him. Cass hung back: and I streaked it round through New-Hampshire, cut across the edge of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Vermont, and into York State, and smack up to Saratogue. 'Twas well I did so, for the folks were all waitin. I tell'd 'em all jest one story, for it was no use to tell any other, for the rail-road and steam-boats go so plaguy fast, afore I was done telling the folks in one town I was in another; and how on earth Mr. Van Buren manages it, or could expect me to tell the masons one story, and the anti-masons another, I can't tell.

Finding, when I got to Saratogue, all the flashy folks was at Congress Hall, I put up there too; and it's close alongside the spring. Mr. Wescot was right glad to see me, and I had a real time there for a week. There was a swod of fine folks, and dreadful handsome galls; and the house was nigh upon chuck full. They all wanted to know about the General, and I tell'd 'em pretty consi-

derable about it, and that we was all on our own hook, now, pretty much. And I don't see but what I stand about as good a chance to be President as any on 'em. I met a man for Georgia there, 6 feet 9 inches high, a real good fellow. Most all these southern folks are good fellows, if you don't say nothin about the Tariff, nor freein the niggers; but they talk pretty big—I know how to manage them, the General tell'd me a secret about that—says he, 'Major, when they say they can hit a dollar, tell 'em you can hit a fourpence happenny.' This Georgian and I had a good many talks about politics, but we both thought alike, and didn't quarrel about that; and he tell'd me Georgia would go for me, arter the General, as soon as any north of mason and dickson. Says he, 'Can you shoot a rifle, Major?' 'Pretty considerable,' says I. 'I can hit a chip in the air,' says he, 'five times out of six shots.' Says I, 'Well, I can beat that, I guess, for I can hit one seven times in four shots.' 'Well,' says he, 'that's enuf, we won't waste powder, and I knock under.' Says he, 'Major, I reckon I can drink more Saratogue water than you.' 'I'll bet a York shillin of that,' says I. 'Done,' says he—and we stak'd the money. Says he, 'Mr. Wescot, give me a pitcher,'—and down he went to the spring. This kinder made the folks think I was swamp'd. But I went round to Patten's stable, and got a bucket, and down I went to the spring; and as soon as he saw me, he smashed his pitcher in a minet. Says he, 'Major, I knock under.'

I swash'd her round there, at Saratogue, for a

week, I tell you. I drank nigh upon five buckets every morning; and I am as clear now as a whistle. I am only sorry I didn't bring Seth Sprague along with me, with his pitch-pipe, jest to take the shine off of them 'ere singers at Mr. Westcot's house; he'd beat ary one on 'em.

I got a letter from the Ginerall yesterday, telling me to cum on to Washington as soon as steem can bring me; and I'm goin there like a streek of chain-lightning. I'm afeard there's more trouble there. That new dance at Uncle Josh's, and trying on the Ginerall's coat and hat among 'em, has kinder knock'd noses; and I and the Ginerall will have our hands full to get things to rights, and rig up a new message for the next Congress.

I remain eternally yours,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

LETTER IV.

Appointment of the Major to visit the Banks—the two
Pollies.

To my Old Friend.

Washington, July 24, 1833.

DEAR SIR,—The last letter I wrote to you was on my way from Saratogue to Washington. I got safe to the White House about midnight, and the only crittur awake there was Mr. Van Buren, who I found pretty busy writing letters about a Convention he is arter. He was dreadful glad to see me, for he said the President did'nt want him to leave before I cum. He wanted to be off north himself. He said the President was also getting a little shaky about the Bank, jest because he found, when he got to Washington, some of our folks had taken in change some counterfeit 'Safety Fund' bills, and also other small bills that won't go—'why, darn it,' says I, 'Mr: Van Buren, I am glad to hear that, case I've got some real shaves myself in that way, and I was plaguy fraid I was the only one;' and so I out with my seal-skin wallet, and I showed him a mess on 'em. There was Green County—Columby—Middle District—Belchertown—Wiscasset—Monmouth—Tombugby—Franklin—Winthorp—Greenburgh—Hallowell—Passamaquoddy—and the plague *knows what-all*; and some on 'em had Mr. Van

Buren's head on one eend. 'Now,' says I, 'who is to stand this racket? for I won't, caze you told us all afore we started on this frolic not to have nothing to do with 'Biddle's Bills,'—so I'll jest hand them over to the Treasury Department, and let 'em go with that mess of 'State Bank Paper' already there—it won't make a mighty difference, and we need not bother the Ginerl about it.'

The next morning I saw the Ginerl, and we had a real shaking. He was dreadful glad to see me. Says he, 'Major, do you know I'm stump'd about that 'ere Bank arter all!' (You see he is a rale business man; he goes right at it off-hand, and when he gits one thing in his head, he sticks to it till its out and done with.) 'We have been shav'd,' says he, 'most infarnally, with some of them 'ere State Banks;' and with that, he out with his wallet, and unrolled a mess on 'em, sure enuff. 'Look here,' says he, 'Major, here is one made payable to me, and got my head on one eend, and Mr. Van Buren's on tother (blast their impudence), and they tell me it ain't worth a copper; and there ain't one in all that bundle I can get the hard dollars for without losing a most half.'

'But,' says I, 'Ginerl, where is Mr. Van Buren's safety valve?' 'Safety valve,' says the Ginerl, 'what's the use of a safety valve when the boiler is bust, Major?' 'Plaguy little,' says I, 'sure enuff; I didn't think of that,' says I, 'Ginerl.' 'That are Safety Fund,' says the Ginerl, 'I'm afraid won't do, Major, because you see it's all "hair of the same dog," arter all.' 'Well now, Ginerl,' says I, 'that's been my no-

tion all along, because if all the Banks bust, the Safety Fund will jest be of the same kind of stuff, that will bust too, unless in the mean while they change it off for Biddle's Bills, and that would not be fair to some body.' 'Well, Major,' says the Ginerall, 'you do know about as much about most things as most folks, and as I said before, I'm stump'd about that Bank of U. S., and I want you to help me figer it out. I want you, Major,' says he, 'to look into that matter. If the Bank is good, and sound, and safe, we'll stick to it; if it ain't, we'll blow it sky high.' 'What,' says I, 'Ginerall, do you want another report?' 'Not by a darn'd sight,' says he; 'I don't understand the reports, Major; and that isn't all, I don't believe they do who make them—no,' says he, 'Major, Mr. Van Buren wants Amos Kendall to go and make report about the State Banks, and their Safety Funds: and I want you to go and look into Biddle's Bank at the same time. I'll give you a letter of authority; and when you come back we'll talk the matter over together. You know, Major, that I am not one of that 'ere sort of folks that says a thing is black to-day, because I thought it was black yesterday. There was a time when I thought I could hang all the Yankees at Hartford under the 2nd section, but I don't think now it would be exactly right; I am an honest man, Major, and ain't afeard to change my opinion.'

Now this is the Ginerall all over; and I am off to-morrow to Philadelphia; and if I don't give *Mr. Biddle* and his money-bags a stirring up, I'm

mistaken ; there is no one thing I'm so cute at, as looking through accounts. I showed that once as clear as a whistle, when I settled the first mackerel voyage of the 'Two Pollies,' Captain Jumper. There were nine owners, and three on 'em found the riggin, and the other six built the hull, and the captain fitted her out, and was to get every seventeenth fish for his share, extra, for his services. Each one was to draw his share, according to amount and sarvices. It was all strait enuff, only some of the riggin was taken from the 'Amiable Mahitable,' belonging to one of the three who found the riggin, part of which was paid back by Captain Jumper. They puzzled at a settlement all winter ; but I saw thru' it in a minute, and made it all as strait as a loon's leg. I showed the Ginerall the accounts one day, and I suppose that is the reason why he wants me to look into the Bank. I'll tell you more about it to rights.

Yours, from

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2nd Brigade.

LETTER V.

Containing Major Downing's Official Report on the United States Bank.

Published "By Authority."

Rip-Raps, August 4th, 1833.

DEAR SIR,—I have just got here after examining in the Bank; and it was the toughest job I ever had in my life. The General was so bent on my doing it that I had to 'go a-head,' or I'd sneak'd out the first day. I was nigh upon a week about it, figerin and siferin all the while. Mr. Biddle see quick enuff it was no fool's journey I come on; and I made some of his folks scratch their heads, I tell you. I gin 'em no notice of my comin, and I jump'd right in the thickest on 'em there one day when they were tumblin in and shellin out the money like corn—'now,' says I, 'my boys, I advise all on ye to brush up your multiplication tables, for I am down upon you with aligation, and the rule of 3, and vulgar fractions; and if I find a penny out of place, the General shall know it. I'm no green horn nor member of Congress, nor Judge Clayton, nor Mr. Cambreleng neither,' says I. As soon as Mr. Biddle read the letter the General sent by me, says he, 'Major, I'm glad the General has sent some one at last that knows something, and can give a strait account;' and with that he call'd all the bank folks, and tell'd

'em to bring their books together. 'Now,' says he, 'Major, which cend shall we begin at first?' 'It makes no odds which,' says I; 'all I care about is to see if both eends meet; and if they don't, Mr. Biddle,' says I, 'its all over with you and the Bank—you'll all go, 'hook and line;'' and then we off coats, and went at it. I found some of them 'ere fellows there plaguy sharp at siferin. They'd do a sum by a kinder short Dilworth, quick as a flash. I always use a slate—it comes kinder natural to me; and I chalk'd her off there the first day, and figer'd out nigh upon 100 pretty considerable tuff sums. There was more than 3 cart load of books about us, and every one on 'em bigger than the Deacon's family Bible. And such an eternal batch of figerin I never see, and there warn't a blot or a scratch in the hull on 'em.

I put a good many questions to Mr. Biddle, for the Ginerol gin me a long string on 'em; and I thought some would stagger him; but he answered them all just as glib as our boys in Downingville do the catakize, from the 'chief eend of man' clean through the petitions. And he did it all in a mighty civil way, too; there was only one he kinder tried to git round, and that was—how he came to have so few of the Ginerol's folks among the Directors until very lately?—'Why,' says he, 'Major, and Major,' says he (and then he got up and took a pinch of snuff and offered me one), says he, 'Major, the Bank knows no party; and in the first go off, you know, the Ginerol's friends were all above matters of so little importance as

Banks and Banking. If we had put a branch in Downingville,' says he, 'the Ginerel would not have had occasion to ask such a question;' and with that he made me a bow, and I went home and took dinner with him. It is plaguy curious to hear him talk about millions and thousands; and I got as glib too at it as he is; and how on earth I shall git back again to ninepences and fourpence-happenies I can't tell.

After I had been figerin away there nigh upon a week, and used up 4 or 5 slate pencils, and spit my mouth as dry as a cob, rubbin out the sums as fast as I did them, I writ to the Ginerel, and tell'd him it was no use; I could find no mistake; but so long as the Bank was at work, it was pretty much like counting a flock of sheep in a fall day, when they are just let into a new stubble—for it was all the while crossing and mixing, and the only way was to lock up all the Banks, and as fast as you count 'em, black their noses.

'Now,' says I one day to Squire Biddle, 'I'll just take a look at your money-bags, for they tell the Ginerel you han't got stuff enuff in the Bank to make him a pair of spectacles; none of your rags,' says I, 'but the real grit:' and with that he call'd 2 or 3 chaps in Quaker coats, and they open'd a large place about as big as the 'east room;' and such a sight I never see—boxes, bags, and kegs, all full, and I should say nigh upon a hundred cord. Says I, 'Squire Biddle, what on earth is all this for? I'm stump'd.' 'O,' says he, 'Major, that's our Safety Fund.' 'How you talk!' says I.

'Now,' says I, 'is all that genwine!' 'Every dollar of it,' says he; 'will you count it, Major?' says he. 'Not to-day,' says I; 'but as the Ginerall wants me to be particular, I'll jest hussle some on 'em;' and at it I went, hammer and file. It raly did me good, for I did not think there was so much rale chink in all creation. So when I got tired, I set down on a pile, and took out my wallet, and began to count over some of the 'Safety Fund' notes I got shaved with on the grand tower. 'Here,' says I, 'Squire Biddle, I have a small trifle I should like to dicker with you—its all 'Safety Fund,' says I; 'and Mr. Van Buren's head is on most all on 'em.' But as soon as he put his eye on 'em he shook his head. I see he had his eye-teeth cut. 'Well,' says I, 'it's no matter;'—but it lifted my dander considerable.

'Now,' says I, 'Mr. Biddle, I've got one more question to put to you, and then I'm through. You say your bills are better than hard dollars; this puzzles me, and the Ginerall too. Now how is this?' 'Well,' says he, 'Major, I'll tell you: suppose you have a bushel of potatoes in Downingville, and you wanted to send them to Washington, how much would it cost you to get them there?' 'Well,' says I, 'about two shillins lawful—for I sent a barrel there to the Ginerall last fall, and that cost me a dollar freight.' 'Well,' says he, 'suppose I've got potatoes in Washington jest as good as yours, and I take your potatoes in Downingville, and give you an order to receive a bushel of potatoes in Washington, wouldn't you

save two shillins lawful by that? We sometimes charge,' says he, 'a trifle for drafts when the places are distant, but never as much as it would cost to carry the dollars : ' and with that we looked into the accounts agin, and there it was. Says I, ' Squire Biddle, I see it now as clear as a whistle.'

When I got back to Washington, I found the Ginerall off to the ' Rip-Raps,' and I arter him. One feller there tell'd me I couldn't go to the ' Rip-Raps'—that the Ginerall was there to keep off business ; but as soon as I tell'd him who I was, he ordered a boat, and I paddled off.

The Ginerall and I have talked over all the Bank business ; he says it is not best to publish my report, as he wants it for the message : and it would only set them *Stock-fish* nibblin agin in Wall-street. I made him stare when I tell'd him about the dollars I saw there, and once and awhile he would rinkle his face up like a ball of ravlins ; and when I tell'd him Biddle wouldn't give me any of his ' Safety Fund' for any of Mr. Van Buren's that I had with me, the Ginerall took out his wallet, and slung it more than five rods into the brakers.

We are now pretty busy, fitting and joining the beams and rafters of the message ; and if Mr. Van Buren don't get back before we begin to shingle it, I guess his ' Safety Fund' will stand but a poor chance.

The Ginerall don't care much about having his head for a sign-board ; but says he ' Major, when *they put my head on one eend of a Bank Bill,*

and Mr. Van Buren's on tother eend, and 'promise to pay Andrew Jackson,' and then blow up, it's too bad—I won't allow it—it shan't be.' The Gineral says, if he allows Amos Kindle to make his report about the State Banks, it is but fair to let me publish mine about Squire Biddle's Bank. So I am getting mine ready.

We have a fine cool time here, and ain't bothered with Office Seekers ; we can see 'em in droves all along shore, waitin for a chance. One fellow swam off last night to get appointed to some office—the Gineral thinks of making him minister to the King of the Sandwich Islands, on account of their being all good swimmers there.

Yours, eternally,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

LETTER VI.

To be printed by my old friend Mr. Dwight.

TO AMOS KINDLE,
Somewhere North among "Safety Fund" Banks.

Rip-Raps, 7th August, 1833.

DEAR AMOS,—Not knowing where you be exactly, I write you this letter through the papers, for they go everywhere, and you'll most likely git it that way soonest. The Ginerall is in some trouble; for since you left Washington, he and I have been looking into the Law Books, and the Bank Charter, and he says he thinks we shall be snag'd, if we don't look out pretty sharp how we meddle jest yet with our money in the U. S. Bank. And ever since I have been tellin him about my examination of Biddle's Bank, he don't seem to feel so wrathly agin it. And he is plaguy fraid if he takes away any of our money from Biddle, we shall have to take away all the 'counts too; and we have enuff now to make us stagger. The Ginerall would like you to ask Biddle if he won't keep the 'counts, and let us have the money. If he won't do that, then he thinks you'd best do nothin, for on lookin into the Treasury and batin that batch of state paper there, that ain't worth nothin, and seein that them blasted Frenchmen han't paid that bill yet, and a good many things a little singed by the *fire last spring*—we han't got quite as much cash *as we thought on*.

There is another thing, too, puzzles us considerable. When the United States Bank was chartered, it was agreed that seein it paid a pretty considerable round sum for keepin our money, we made 'em also agree to do all our business in the money way—receive and pay, and take resates for all the old sogers, and pay the interest on the public debt, and so on ; and then we agreed to take their money in payment of all debts comin to us. The Ginerall thinks he can't well get round this ; and we have looked through all the Law Books, and regulations of the army, and can't find nothin there to help us. ' So,' says he, ' Major, we shall be snag'd if we don't look out sharp ; for as soon as we put our 'counts in other banks, that crittur Biddle won't let any thing like a bank bill go out of his bank that we can use where we want it. Now in York they'll shell out New Orleans, and St. Louis, and Mobile branch notes to pay bonds with, and away South we shall git Buffalo, and down East branch paper, and we shall have to lug them about ourselves to git the dollars for them. And then,' says he, ' arter all, Major, we shall run the risk agin of gittin our wallets filled with some more of them Safety Fund notes. I don't like the looks of it at all—I wish,' says he, ' Amos was back agin in Washington, and let Congress do with the Bank as it pleases. I won't be pestered with it any more, by the Eternal !' says he, (and he was ony just beginnin to thunder), when I, just to turn the cloud, tell'd him Calhoun was in Georgia. And then I tell'd him I would write to you, and tell you to come home. The Ginerall

says you may go to Saratogue, and talk over matters with Mr. Van Buren, and as he got us into the scrape, tell him to git us out of it as well as he can ; but you must all on you be in Washington pretty soon, for its gittin kinder windy down here. Take care how you write and talk to some of the Banks in York ; them fellers have got their eye-teeth cut, and know plaguy nigh as well as we do about most things.

The Ginerall thinks that was a pretty considerable of a cute move in Mr. Van Buren, sending Isaac Hill along with Cass. He stuck to him like a lamper eel till he got to Buffalo, and then unhooked. I'll write to you agin in a few days.

Yours,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

LETTER VII.

Major Downing manages the Official Correspondence of the President—a simple Government—Peleg Bissel's Churn.

Rip-Raps, 17th August, 1833.

MY GOOD FRIEND,—‘*The Government*,’ will leave here on Saturday, so you must tell all our friends to stop sending any more letters here. We go strait to Washington, to put things to rights there for winter.

I and the Ginerall have got things now pretty considerable snug; and it is raly curious to see how much more easy and simple all the public affairs go on, than they did a spell ago, when Mr. Adams was President. If it warnt for Congress meetin, we cou’d jest go about pretty much where we pleas’d, and keep things strait too; and I begin to think now, with the Ginerall, that arter all, there is no great shakes in managin the affairs of the nation. We have pretty much all on us ben joggin about now since last grass, and things are jest as strait and clear now, as they was then. The Ginerall has nigh upon made up his mind, that there is no use to have any more Congress. They only bother us—they wou’d do more good to stay at home, and write letters to us tellin what is goin on among ’em at home. It would save a considerable sum of money too; and I’m also sartain that there is a plaguy raft of fellows on

wages that don't earn nothin. Howsever, we are goin on makin things more simple every day ; and we once and a while nock off a pretty considerable number of cogg-wheels and trunnel-heads.

The Ginerall says he likes things simple as a mouse-trap. But what I like most is, he won't have no one about him who outranks me ; so there is me, and Major Barry, and Major Smith, and Major Earl, and Major Donaldson, and Major Lewis, and Major Eaton—and Major Blair, a pretty considerable of a man to do the printing, and tell the folks where we be, and once and a while where the land sales and contracts be too. There is enuff on us to do all that's wanted. Every day, jest arter breakfast, the Ginerall lights his pipe, and begins to think pretty hard, and I and Major Donaldson begin to open letters for him ; and there is more than three bushels every day, and all the while coming. We don't git through more than a bushel a day ; and never trouble long ones, unless they come from Mr. Van Buren, or Mr. Kindle, or some other of our great folks. Then we sort 'em out, jest as Zekil Bigelow does the mackerel at his packin-yard, for tho' there are plaguy many more sorts than he finds among fish, we only make three sorts, and keep three big baskets, one marked '*not red*,' another '*red*, and worth nothin,' and another '*red*, and to be answered.' And then all the Ginerall has to do, is to ~~say~~, 'Major, I reckon we best say so and so to that,' and I say, 'jest so,' or not, jest as the *notion takes me*—and then we go at it.

We keep all the Secretaries, and the Vice President, and some District Attornys, and a good many more of our folks, and Amos Kindle, moving about; and they tell us jest how the cat jumps. And, as I said afore, if it warnt for Congress meetin once a year, we'd put the Government in a one-horse waggon, and go jest where we liked.

The Ginerl was amazingly tickled tother day. Peleg Bissel—(you know Peleg, who is all the while whitlin, and sawin, and makin clocks and apple-parers, and churns, and lives nigh Seth Sprague's school-house, down to Downingville), well, Peleg sent the Ginerl a new churn of his own invention; and he calls it the 'Jackson churn,'—he wants a patent for it. The cute crittur says, in his letter to the Ginerl, that that 'ere churn is jest like his Government—it's only got one wheel—and a smasher—and that it will make more butter than any other churn, and out of eny most anything. The Ginerl is so tickled with it, he will set and turn it nearly all day. Says he, 'Major, I like this 'ere churn amazingly; that Bissel is a knowin fellow. If that churn had been made by Congress, it would have more than fifty wheels and springs, and make no more butter arter all. 'Major,' says he, tell Peleg I thank him, and send him a patent.'

And so I did; and I tell'd him in the letter, that the Ginerl would keep his churn in the hall of the White House, to let folks see that it didn't require as many cog-wheels to make butter as they think on, and then when they come up

chamber, in the Cabinet-room, and find only me and the President, they'll understand it the better. When the Ginerál come to sign this letter— 'Well,' says he, 'Major, that's jest what I was thinking on.' We get every day an everlastin' batch of letters from Mr. Van Buren and Amos Kindle, and they are so plaguy jagged, that we can't make 'em fit exactly with some others, eny most as jagged, from the South and West, and all from our folks too. One wants one thing, and one wants tother. Some of our folks down South say, if the Bank is put down, we shall all be split up into splinters there. And jest so, only tother way, they say, we shan't find in a week any of our folks North, if the Bank is re-chartered, and some talk of the nullifiers in Georgia goin' for Mr. Van Buren, and that we must look out sharp, and not do nothing agin' 'em. And some say that 'ere tower of Mr. Webster away west, and his speeches, bother some on 'em plagily. I was a little stumped for a spell myself; and I tell'd the Ginerál, says I, 'Ginerál, if you expect me to satisfy all these folks, you're mistaken; we can't do it,' says I. 'Well, then,' says he, 'we must send for Mr. Van Buren.' This kinder nettled me, and says I, 'Ginerál, you han't forgot that 'ere churn already.' 'No, no,' says he, 'we'll stick to that, Major.' 'Well, then,' says I, 'do you think that Mr. Van Buren will use that 'ere churn?—he keeps his bread buttered,' says I, 'by more wheels than that 'ere churn's got.' 'Well, Major,' says the Ginerál, 'he is a plaguy curious crittur, arter all—*he'll make wheels turn sometimes right agin*

one another, yet he gits along—and when he lets his slice fall, or some one nocks it out of his hand, it always, some how, falls butter side up.’ ‘Well, says I, ‘Gieneral, don’t you know why?’ ‘Not exactly,’ says he, ‘Major.’ ‘Well,’ says I, ‘I’ll tell you—he butters both sides at once,’ says I. The Ginerel drew his face all into a rumple for about a minet, and then he snorted right out.

The Ginerel talks of goin to the Hermitage next spring—he says he thinks he has done enuff for the country—and I think so too—he says I may go along with him, or stay and lend Mr. Van Buren a hand—we’ll say something about this in the Message, perhaps.

Yours as before,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

DOWNINGVILLE POLITICS.

To Major Downing, of Downingville, now at Washington
—or somewhere else.

DEAR MAJOR,—I am desperately put out to hear you're going to be President—I should'n't have tho't it of you;—but there's no tellin what one may be left to do.

I used to be well acquainted with your folks when you was a youngster; and your poor father, that's dead and gone, was dreadful sober about you at times. Says he to me one day, 'Captain, you're an obsarving sort of man, and seen a good deal of the world up to Boston and thereabouts. I want your opinion consarnin our Jack, and what we'd best put him to for a livelyhood: he ain't over fond of work that's likely to take up much time, but's always willing to do his shear at a raising, or such like, and his fancy don't lead him to larning or the like of that. What think I'd best do with him?' 'Wal,' says I, 'Deacon, if you really want my candid opinion and advice, I'm ready to give it. I've all along tho't Jack a pooty smartish sort of a chap, and if you could get him into Lawyer Josslin's office a while, he'd be equal to a most any thing—and mark my words, Deacon,' says I, 'he'll *rise* in the world before he dies.' 'I believe you're half right, Captain,' says the Deacon, your father, 'but I'm *pesky* fraid he'll rise a leetle sooner than he'd like

to, for that 'ere Josslin is a raal peeler in the way of bringing folks up!' Twarnt six months arter that, before I heard of your settin up law for yourself, and havin a good deal of one thing and another to do, which taint worth a while to mention : and when they talked of makin you Governor, down in Maine, your poor aunt Nabby was wrathly enough—' Well, there,' says she, ' I never thought to live to see *this* day ! our family,' says she, ' if it wan't so dreadful rich, ollers bore a good character, and could hold up their heads and show their faces anywhere and to anybody, without their being able to say one word against us—and now to have one of us put up for a Governor without ever having done any thing to be ashamed of, is *too bad* ! and it all comes of your advice, Captain Jumper, for advising my brother, the Deacon, to put him into Lawyer Josslin's plaguy office. We never know'd what it was to be ashamed of any of our relations before.' ' Miss Nabby,' says I, ' keep cool, and don't get yourself into such a flurry, for it's more than an even chance, they don't convict him of being a Governor, and if he escapes this time, I'll smuggle him out of the state in the Two Pollies, and let him try his luck on to Washington long with Ginerall Jackson, who knows me, and I'll give him a recommend to the Ginerall, and who knows but he may yet come to something?' That sort of pacified your aunt, and accordingly I got you out of Maine on board the Two Pollies, as I was saying, and didn't charge you nothing for your passage, and let you have the privilege of stubshodding the boards, and pumping

besides, and never charged a cent for that neither. All these circumstances considered, I hope you won't think hard of me if I do say, that arter what's been done for you by night and by day—its ongrateful in you to throw yourself away by turning President. But it isn't too late to repent. Tell them Mowchonk folks you're not the man they take you for, if they think to coax you into being President as long as the Ginerals alive, and I hope he'll live for ever.

Yours to sarve,

SOLOMON JUMPER,

Captain of the Two Pollies of Downingville.

LETTER VIII.

The General's regard for the Yankees—Office-seekers—
New Presidential Recreations.

To Mr. Dwight—New-York Daily Advertiser.

Washington, August 30, 1833.

MY GOOD OLD FRIEND,—Ever since we got 'the Government' back here from the Rip-Raps, we have been as busy as if we was all on us cocking hay jest afore a shower.

I tell'd you some time ago that I and the General was fittin and jointin the beams and rafters of the message; but almost every day some plaguy new notion comes in from Mr. Van Buren, and some other of our folks, and we have to chizzle new mortices, and run new braces and string pieces; so that I begin to think it will look curious enuff when it's done. The General says he don't care how it fronts, only he is detarmined to show a sharp corner to the Nullifiers. We shall have a good deal to say about the *Grand Tower*; there is nothin since the 8th of January at New-Orleans tickles the General half so much. Every time we talk about it, the General gits right up, and says he, 'Major, I only wish I was 50 years younger, and then,' says he, 'give me the Yankees east of Horse Neck, and I'd like no better sport than to have nullification all over the rest of creation.'

When things don't go right, and the General gits

a little wrathy, if I only tell him the Yankees are ready to back him, he is as firm as granit. It would make you crawl all over to read that letter we writ to France, when we come to hear that the King there kinder shuffled round that bill we drewed on him. 'He won't pay it, won't he?' says he—'Major, what do you think of that?' 'Why,' says I, 'Gineral, I think it's a nasty mean action—and a darnation rascally one too,' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'that's enuff,'—and then we writ the letter,—its just like Zekel Bigelow's speech—it cuts, shaves, and makes the hair fly—and if it don't bring the money I'm mistaken.'

If Mr. Livingston had stay'd one week longer in York, the Gineral was for sendin me right out, and Captain Jumper was jest gettin the 'Two Pollies' ready to take me.

The most curious part of 'the Government' here is to manage the office seekers. You see, things ain't now as they was afore Mr. Van Buren's time; then it was kinder divided round among the Departments.

The Post Master Gineral appinted all the Post Masters, and their folks. The Secretary of the Treasury appinted all the folks in the Custom Houses, and all the folks who collected money. These two had an everlastin batch of fellers to appint, and made them feel pretty considerable big, and then the War Secretary had a good slice in appinting the cadets, and Ingen agents, and all the contracts was kinder sifted round among the Departments; and so by the time a new President was to be made, some of these Secretaries

was a leetle bigger than the President himself. Now this is the way they kinder jockied Mr. Adams, who got to be the smallest man at Washington, by letting other folks plant his corn, and do his huskin; and afore he know'd it, his own field was all in weeds—and theirs, well-howed, rich and clean as a whistle.

But things ain't so now; we've only got one crib, and that's a wappin one too, and ony one door to it; and when we shell out our corn, we take good care and know well who gets it, and where he is goin to plant it; and that ain't all—we make 'em agree about the *Huskin Frolic*,* for that's the best on't, arter all.

The longer I am in 'the Goverment,' the more I larn. But I must allow, that of all the inventions I've heard on of Mr. Van Buren's, this is about the slickest.

There is only one thing wantin, and that he is tryin for pretty hard—and that is the Bank. If he can only git that in the crib too, Virginny fences wouldn't stop our cattle.

Only think what an everlastin raft of fellows we should have—all the Presidents, and Cashiers, and Clarks, and Money Counters, about the crib, from Downingville to New-Orleans!—and that ain't the best on't; we would have a branch alongside every post-office to keep our postages safe.

I should like this well enuff if I was sartin I and the Gineral and Mr. Van Buren was to be here all the while, to keep a good look out on the crib

* The Major, we presume, means the Elections, or Hustings, by this metaphor.

door. But the General talks of goin him to put the Hermitage to rights; and I am in the notion that Congress is a leetle too strong for 'the Government,' when the General ain't in it—and I shall go with him. I am eny most fag'd out myself; and I begin to think with the General I have done enuff for the country.

We are lookin for Amos Kindle now every hour. He writ the General t'other day, and tell'd him my 'Bank Report' warn't true; and that I must have got a loan of Squire Biddle. Now that is jest the way with some folks. What they don't know they guess at; and it's jest so with old Miss Crane, who keeps the tavern this side Downingville—jest as sure as any one goes by without stoppin, the old crittur says, 'there goes so and so, and has got no mōney too; and he knows I wouldn't trust him.'

Howsumever, no one can make the General wrath with me. He knows I am the best friend about him; whenever they get things in any kind of a twist, or a snarl, says he, 'Major, do you unravel that. I'm the big wheel, and you are the smasher,' says he; and then we jest give Peleg Bissel's churn a turn or two, and all is right.

You don't print my letters right—you git some words wrong, and spell 'em most infarnally: Jest so the printers sarved the General's letters too; and folks thought he didn't know nothin, till we got to Cambridge, whert they made a doctor on him.

Your Friend,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

[From the New-York Daily Advertiser of Sept. 7th, 1833:—By a letter received yesterday, and which we publish in this morning's paper, from Major Downing, our readers will observe that this distinguished individual may be expected here immediately. We are not yet informed at what house he will put up at during his stay. His friend Zakel Bigelow, of Downingville, we understand is here, and has received directions from the Major regarding his apartments, which should be fitted up in splendid style. We hope his apartments, wherever they may be, will be easy of access, as the whole city (with certain exceptions) would be pleased to pay its respects to him—but we presume he will be as busy while he is here (to use his own language) as if he was "cocking hay jest afore a shower."—*Ed.*]

LETTER IX.

The Major gives Notice of his Journey to Philadelphia and New-York, to find out where all the Money has gone.

Washington, Sept. 5, 1833.

MY GOOD OLD FRIEND,—Since I wrote to you last week, we have seen so much said in the papers about money being so scarce in York, and other places north,—some saying it is all owing to 'Squire Biddle, and some to Amos Kindle, and some to me and 'the Government'—that the General wants me to go right off and look into it, and put it to rights; for the General says if there is any ailing in money in one place, it will spread jest like the Colera Morbus, and if it gets to Washington, we shall be in a bad way, for high

upon all on 'em here can't stand much of a squeeze. The Gineral says he don't want to have anything secret about it, and that I must write to him through the papers, for then all our folks can read it at once, and won't pester him about it.

I start to-morrow mornin afore daylight. I'll stop a day or so in Philadelphy, and see how things go on there, and then look into York. If I can only get a fair talk with some of them 'ere folks in Wall-street, I'll get to the bottom of it in a minit.

I know there is money enuff somewhere—folks don't eat it—and what the Gineral wants me to find out is, where the money is, and what on earth is the reason folks can't get it when they want it.

Your Friend,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

LETTER X.

To Mr. Dwight—Editor of the York Daily Advertiser.

Philadelphia, 11th Sept. 1833.

MY GOOD OLD FRIEND,—I send you a letter I writ to the Ginerál last night—he told me to write to him threw the papers. Some of the printers here wanted me to give them the printip on 'em, but if I let anybody but you print 'em first, folks can't tell which is genwine—some fellows write so much like me, that I am stump'd sometimes myself, and put to't as bad as Captain Jumper, of the Two Pollies, and President of the Downingville Bank, was a spell ago, when a fellow bro't him a note on his bank; some said it was 'genwine,' and some said it warn't. It was so slick a kounterfit the Captain didn't know himself —'so,' says he, 'it looks a leetle like a kounterfit, and then agin it don't—and my notion is, it's about midlin.' *

The letter I now send you to print don't amount to nothin. I want to git to York first, and will go there to-morrow or next day, and arter that I'll tell the Ginerál and all our folks all about it. If you see Zekel Bigelow, tell him not to go home till I come on; I want to see him dreadfully.

Your friend,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

* Captain Jumper is a "non-committal" Van Buren man.

Major Downing's Letter to the President, describing his
Visit to the United States Bank.

To General Jackson.

Philadelphia, 10th Sept. 1833.

DEAR GENERAL,—I had eny most as much trouble in gittin here as I had when I come on with ' the Goverment ' a spell ago ; but I tell'd the folks I had no time now to lose, and couldn't talk politics ; and that I was on argent business. They all wanted to know how you was ; and I tell'd 'em you was as hard as granit, and no rot about you.

As soon as I got here, I took a look into Squire Biddle's Bank agin, and found every thing there pretty much as I left 'em when I was there afore. If any thing, he's got a little more of the rale chink. Squire Biddle was glad to see me, and was plaguy good-natured. He said he was sorry that ' the Goverment ' continued to feel kinder wrathly agin the Bank ; ' but,' says he, ' Major, we are ready for them.' Jest then our old Quaker friend come in—the same old gentleman, you remember, who came to see us one mornin, and call'd you ' friend Andrew,' and kept 'his hat on all the while. He was as spunky as thunder ; and when a Quaker gits his dander up, it's like a norwester. He said he was sore troubled, and that he was afraid that evil-disposed folks were busy, and tryin to inger you. He said he had *been in trade over forty years, and knew all about*

it, and Banks too; and that jest so sure as his friend Andrew didn't put a stop to this war agin the United States Bank, it would bring more injury on the country than universal nullification. I tell'd him that you didn't want to injure nobody—that all you wanted was to git hold of the right eend of every thing, and then hold on like a snap-pin turtle. And then we sat down, and he talk'd for more than three hours, and till he couldn't talk no more. He is a rale friend of oun; and the last thing he said was, he hoped you wouldn't let any one deceive you about the Bank, for though the change might give a few persons some cream, all the rest would git nothin but skim milk and bonny clabber. I am glad I met him, for he telled me more than I had any ide on; and the more I see, the more sartin I am that Banks and Trade and money matters are pretty considerable ticklish things; and when you think a thing must be jest so, it comes out jest tother way.

Squire Biddle don't look streaked at all when I talk to him about our takin our money away from him. He says he don't care a button whether we take it away or not. And upon the whole, the Bank could do better without our custom than with it. He don't say nothin agin nobody; but he is gittin to be pretty saucy about it, I tell you. And well he may be; and if he warn't a good-natur'd crittur, he would be crabbed and crooked enuff by this time, for we have been poundin on him now nigh upon three years. He says as long as he sees a black cloud risin, he don't think it safe to make more sail; and it's his business to

keep as much sail on his ship as he can without splitten 'em.

Every body I see here says, that Amos Kindle's journey this summer was nigh about as bad as the Colera Morbus last summer; and on the whole, they don't know which is worst. You know I tell'd you as much afore he started; and the last thing Zekel Bigelow said to me, when he was in Downingville—says he, 'Major, don't you advise the Ginerall to meddle with that Bank affair. I see trouble in it,' says he; and Zekel is no fool, I tell you. And Captain Jumper said, too, he would jest about as soon think of runnin the Two Pollies threw Nantucket Shoals at midnight, without a lead. All these things, and my own notion too, made me look into it pretty sharp, to say nothin about them plaguy Safety Fund notes that got into our wallets, and stick there yet. The more I see here, the more sartin I am that I've got a right notion on't. There is money enuff here; but it is pretty much as I hearn tell on in the old war—the folks keep it stow'd away so long as there is trouble brewin. But I won't say more about it now, till I get to York, where they say they are worse off. I have been busy enuff ever since I've been here; and they tell me things are gittin a little more easy, on account of my tellin 'em that you won't do nothin afore I git back agin.

I have met only a few here who think it would be best to have a new Bank, and nock this one down. But when I come to corner 'em about it, *it turns out pretty much like a pesky squabble we had once in Downingville about the School House*

—one said it warn't big enuff—and Ezra Gleason, a squint-ey'd fellow, said it ought to be a round one, and Seth Sprague ought to set right in the middle on't. But Zekel Bigelow made a speech about it—and the Deacon was moderator:—and says he, 'we've got a school house, and a good stun one too—if it ain't big enuff, we'll nock one eend out on't, and make it bigger. What do you mean by nockin on't all to bits—jest to git more money out of the district? Can you put a better ruff on't than it's got now?—can you build better walls?—and who wants a round one, with the master's seat in the middle on't? You know, Mr. Moderator, that Seth don't squint; and no one can manage a round house unless he does; and so we must nock down our good old solid School House, jest to give new jobs, and build a round one to suit a man who can't look another strait in the face.' Zekel carried the day as slick as a whistle; and the old School House stands yet—big enuff, and strong enuff, and square as a brick.

I'll write to you agin as soon as I git to York. I send you by the transportation line a tub of rale sweet butter, made on purpose for you, by —; the address is nailed on inside the kiver. Tell Major Donaldson, when he writes the answer to it, not to say nothin agin the Bank, for every body here, and all the butter makers, won't take home with them from market nothin but Biddle's Bills; for they all say they are better than hard dollars.

Your best friend,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

LETTER XI.

Major Downing's Official Correspondence with "The Government."

From the Daily Advertiser of 21st September, 1833.

To General Jackson.

New-York, Sept. 20th, 1833.

DEAR GENERAL,—When I wrote to you from Philadelphia on 10th, I thought I would go next day to York; but I got a letter from our old friend Zekel Bigelow, lettin me know he was there, and snookin about the Banks, and among the Brokers in Wall-street, and that by the time I come here, he could tell me pretty much all about it in a minit. He said the whole business was in a nutshell, and he'd crack it. So I didn't hurry on, but kept myself busy in Philadelphia, putting things to rights there; for I thought if I could git the mud out of the spring, we should have clear water arterwards. I didn't get here till yesterday. The folks wanted me to land at Castle Garden, but I thought I wouldn't, seeing that them 'ere string pieces came so nigh puttin an eend to 'The Government' a spell ago.

The first man I met in the crowd was Zekel. He was waitin for me, and he looked as natural as ever. The crowd was so great, I was eny most mashed to a slab. All on 'em callin out, 'there's the Major,'—and all wantin to shake hands with *me, and to know* how you was, and what was goin

to be done with the Bank. Some fellers had ony one shoe on, and eny most no shirt,—and they too wanted to know about the Bank. I never see sich a mess of fellers as they have here all the while: there is all kind of critters, jamming and scrouging folks and one another; they don't seem to do nothin, and half on 'em think, when we come to nock the Bank down, they are to git the mony.

Zekel and I went as soon as we could git through 'em, straight to the tavern where we all on us put up a spell ago; and then says I, 'Zekel, we must spring to it, and let the General know, as soon as we can, all about mony matters here.'

'Well,' says he, 'Major, I'll tell you pretty much all about it; and its jest as true now as the sun.' And with that he slick'd his hair down from his eye-brows clean to the end of his kew, and went at it.

Zekel has got a curious notion of tellin a thing—he begins away back to *a b abb's*, and then he comes up along, and ev'ry once and a while he gives his head and hair a slicken down, and he is so earnest, and looks as if he could see right through an inch plank. I couldn't tell you one-half he said, if I was to write a week about it: I'll only tell you a little here and there,—he says there is two kinds of mony; hard mony and paper mony. One is always good; and the other is sometimes good, and then agin it ain't good for nothin.

He says, there is jest about so much hard mony all the while,—and it keeps goin round and round,

a good reason, and they git the most on't
 we can be most industrious and cute in inventin
 things. He says that paper money is jest as good,
 and is even better than hard money, if folks don't
 want too much on't, and the natur of paper
 money makers is always to get off as much as they
 can, and if it warn't for somethin to check it, it
 would be as bad as all continental times.

He says there is two ways to make money scarce,
 and is by sendin hard money away out of the
 country, to pay for notions we can't pay for any
 other way, and the other is, by sending Amos
 Scudder round tellin folks 'The Government' is
 givin us somethin, folks don't know exactly
 what, nor be tucker.

That is by what he grabs all he can git, and holds
 it, and things are jest as bad as if there warn't
 no money, and then the Brokers go at it, and
 say, we have, — say they, "can only give you
 a hund. — hard times, — the fellows tiger interest
 on it but as much as nothin, and jest so with the
 securities, and tell the folks Kinty is comin,
 and they go to the main Paragonia and Kamure,
 and back it up the gold-dust.

Scudder says in the full, that money matters and
 Banks and time, is all as curious as one of Bissel's
 tricks, and this man ought to meddle in reger-
 ments or affairs but without knowin all about it.
 "And now," says he, "Major, I'm a good time to
 spile my watch, to show you my notion why I think
 trouble will come if the General rocks down the
 U. S. Bank."

Zekel is one of them 'est folks, and always was,

who would spoil a horn, or make a spoon; and with that he out with his old watch, as big as a tea cup, wound her up, and then clapt her to my ear. 'She is as true,' says he, 'as the tides.' He then opened it—'Now,' says he, 'Major, do you see that 'ere chain pullin all the while?' and then do you see a lot of little wheels, and springs, and screws? And here on top is a big wheel, that's all the while going round one way, and back agin, and just so fast and no faster,—that's the clicker,' says he, 'and if it warn't for that, you'd see trouble in it, and I'll show you—but I know it will go to bits'—and so he twitched out the big wheel, and the old watch did whiz, I tell you. Some of them leetle wheels went so fast, you couldn't see nothin. One keel'd up, and another got sum teeth nock'd out—she stopp'd a spell, then a spring snapp'd, and whiz it went agin, and the splinters flew, and by-and-by it all stop'd; and Zekil gin his kew another slickin—and says he, 'Major, we've spoil'd the old watch; but I don't value the loss on't, seein you got a notion by it'—and with that he scraped it all together, and wrapp'd it up in the Washington Globe—'there,' says he, 'Major, send that to 'The Government,' and tell the Ginerel there is more there than folks thinks on, who want to meddle with Banks and mony matters; and to-morrow we'll go into Wall-street, and you'll see all I tell'd you is jest so'—and then we took a glass of switchel and went to bed.

Your best friend,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

[Zekel Bigelow called on us yesterday, and handed us the following letter from Major Downing. He says the Major has gone back to Washington like a streak of lightning; and had not time to apologise to the Honourable the Corporation, and other public bodies, who by their respective Committees had waited on him, and were desirous of showing him the usual civilities extended to distinguished individuals. Zekel says, he 'never see any one so completely in a rumple as the Major was;' he read the General's letter over two or three times, backwards, and forwards, and crosswise, before he said a word; and then he began to mumble the names of some of the Government, and turned as blue as an indigo bag, till he let it out.—*Eds.*]

LETTER XII.

Major Downing leaves New York like a streak—Zekel Bigelow turning Broker.

American Hotel, New-York, 2d Sept. 1833.

MY GOOD OLD FRIEND,—I'm stumped. I jest got a letter from the General, and until I got that letter I thought all the stories about the Bank was jest got up by the opposition folks, to hurt the General and Mr. Van Buren, and Zekel Bigelow thought so too. But the General's letter tells me pretty much all about it, and a leetle more too. As soon as I read it to Zekel, 'Well,' says he, 'Major, my notion is, there is some plaguy foul birds in Washington, and if some 'on em hain't siled their own neests, I'm mistaken.'

The General says he wants me to come right on, for tho' the folks about him say, all works well, *he's afraid they'll git him in a tangle—consarn*

'em, I don't know what on earth has got in 'em, and the Ginerall too, jest so sure as I quit him he gits in trouble. I must go right back to Washington and try and put things strait if I can, but I'm afraid they'll git the Government in a plaguy snarl afore I git there. I was a leetle afraid on't when I left, and I telled the Ginerall as much, but he said he'd do nothin till I got back, and I telled all the folks so in Philadelphia, and here too, and things was lookin bright agin, and now here's trouble—nigh upon half of the message has got to be pulled all to bits. I shall git my dander up if they don't look out sharp, and if I do so, some on 'em better streak it, I tell you, and that too afore Congress meets.

Zekel Bigelow says, 'it's an ill wind that blows nowhere,' and seein that the Government is goin to try to break the Bank, he's goin to turn brokey in Wall-street; he says there will be no better business stirrin, for then folks will have to pay a trifle for eny most every draft that's drawn, and not git their business done for nothin as they do now. If he does turn broker, you'll hear more on him; for he's a peeler, I tell you.

If I hadn't promised the Ginerall to stick to him through thick and thin, I'd go right home to Downingville, and have nothin more to do with the Government; but if I quit him now, the Government will go all to smash, jest as sure as I am in haste and wrath,

Your Friend,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

[We are much gratified in having it in our power to give our readers another letter from our faithful friend, Major Downing. It is peculiarly interesting to hear from him at the present time, when the *Globe* maintains such a silence respecting recent events at Washington. Indeed, if it were not for the Major, the public would know nothing of what is going on inside the cabinet. His communications are invaluable, because they may be implicitly relied upon. Everybody will believe the man who sleeps in the same bed with *'the General.'*]

LETTER XIII.

Major Downing's Call on 'Squire Biddle'—The importance of Congress—The Major arrives at Washington—Wakes the President to talk with him of *Raccoons* and *Skunks*.

To my good old friend, Mr. Dwight, of the *Daily Advertiser*.

Washington, 23d Sept. 1833.

I SENT a letter to you by Zekel Bigelow, jest afore I left New York; and I was off as soon as they got the steam up. When I got to Philadelphia, I only had time to take a run round, to see Squire Biddle a minit, and I found him pretty busy, but as good-natured as ever. 'Well,' says he, 'the General has opened his battery, but I'm afraid he'll kill as many friends as enemies.' 'Well,' says I, 'that's no matter, he's got enuff on 'em.' 'But,' says he, 'Major, I thought you told us he'd do nothin till you got back agin.' This kinder corner'd me, and made me a little *wrathy*—and so, says I 'Squire, I would like to

know what you mean to do about it? And so I thought this would kinder corner him—'Oh,' says he, 'Major, I'll you,' and with that he turned round and picked up a bundle of letters he was jest goin to send off to the Branches, and he read some on 'em; and they was all pretty much alike, tellin his folks to do all they could in relieving the money-market, and not let people suffer, and jest to carry as much sail as they could without split-tin 'em, for now as the storm had come on, they could tell more about it than when it was only rumblin and lightenin.

'Well,' says I, 'this is a curious piece of business. The Ginerall won't like this,' says I: 'and I would like to know your notion.' 'Why,' says he, 'Major, we hope the people will decide against him, 'when Congress meets.' 'What,' says I, 'do you call Congress *'the people?'*' How you talk,' says I, 'and if that is your notion of the Government, then,' says I, 'Squire, you are a bigger fool than I took you for. Why,' says I, 'I and the Ginerall don't care no more for Congress than we do for the Ingins.' 'Well, then,' says he, 'there is the Cabinet—perhaps they will have somethin to say about it.' 'Well,' says I, 'that's worse yet: what has the Cabinet got to do with it? do you think we are goin to appint folks to tell us what to do? No, no,' says I, 'Squire, you know a good deal, but you don't know nothin about the Government yet. The Ginerall didn't fight that New Orleans battle for nothin,' says I; 'and when the people made him President, they knew he was the most knowin man goin; and

ever since I've been with him, they are more and more sartin nothin more is wantin, unless it is Mr. Van Buren to cut in when we give out, and go to the Hermitage.' And with that I streaked it to Washington.

It was nigh upon midnight when I got to the White House, and the Ginerel was abed: and as I knew he wanted to see me dreadfully, I went right into his room and woke him up. 'Why,' says he, 'Major, is that raly you?—for I've been dreamin about you. I'm glad you are back agin, for things are gittin pretty stormy here; so do you come to bed, and we'll talk about it.' As soon as I got alongside the Ginerel—'There now,' says he, 'Major, I don't care for all the rest of the Goverment except Mr. Van Buren; and if we three ain't a match for all creation, I'm mistaken.' Says he, 'Major, hain't you seen my Proclamation agin Biddle?' 'Yes,' says I, 'I saw it at Baltimore.' 'Well,' says he, 'what do you think of it?' 'Why,' says I, 'Ginerel, I've been thinkin a good deal about it; and I'm thinkin about it all the while.' 'Major,' says he, 'that Proclamation agin Biddle will kill him and the Bank as dead as that one agin the Nullifiers killed Calhoun and his party. There is nothin,' says he, 'like a Proclamation. And I have been thinkin,' says he, 'Major, to git you to write one too, for there is a good many things yet I didn't say nothin about. I want you to read over Mr. Van Buren's late letters, and you'll find a good many things *want* attendin to. We have killed Calhoun and *Biddle*; but there is a raft of fellows to put down

yet, such as Webster, and M'Duffy, and Clay, and Binny, and Everett, and Sargent, and Burgess, and a hundred others; and as the most on 'em are in Congress, I'm thinkin the best way would be for you and I to git up a Proclamation agin Congress; and that's what I was dreaming about jest now. The most on 'em, I reckon, have been borrowin money of Biddle, or wanted to, and if they hain't, it's no matter. And Mr. Van Buren thinks it would be well to call a convention to nominate a President, and you and I can manage to slip that in the Proclamation too, and if things don't go right for him, I'll hold on till it does.'

'Well,' says I, 'Gineral, you know I tell'd you I'd stick to you thro' thick and thin, and I'm to be depended on.' 'I know it, Major,' says he, 'and I was only sorry you warn't here a few days ago; but Mr. Van Buren said there was no time to lose, and *the first shot* is worth a dozen arterward. And so I come out agin Biddle at once. And it was jest so at New Orleans; if I hadn't gone down and gin the English a thump on 23d December, they might have licked me on 8th January. And jest so it might be now, if we waited till Congress met; them fellows might recharter the Bank in spite of us. But I reckon my Proclamation has done up that business—and if it hain't yours will. Do you know,' says he, 'Major, that some of these fellows about me here, had the impudence to tell me tother day, 'I was runnin the risk of bein turned out of the White House?' 'Why,' says I, 'you don't say so?' 'Yes,' says he, 'it's a fact; but,' says he, 'Major, they don't know

nothin about raccoon huntin.' 'No,' says I, 'nor skunkin neither.' And then he and I turned to, and told stories one arter another about raccoonin and skunkin, till almost daylight; and then we went to sleep. I expect my next will be a Proclamation, but I don't know. We are pretty busy about everything.

Your Friend,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

LETTER XIV.

Major Downing's Proclamation, in aid of the President's
against the Banks.

Major Downing's Clincher.—Published by Authority.

Washington, 26th Sept. 1833.

I, MAJOR J. DOWNING, of the 2d Brigade of Downingville Militia; and second best man in the Government (I and the General bein pretty much the hull on't), thinkin that the last Proclamation agin Biddle and the Bank han't got reasons enuff in it—give out this; my Proclamation, by way of a Clincher.

The times are now gittin pretty squally, and if we don't look out sharp, things will go all to smash; and now is the time for all on you to back me and the General. We have been now nigh upon five years at work; nockin down abuses, and still things don't go exactly to our notion. We have taken away all the offices from the opposition folks; still some on 'em manage to git money to live on somewhere else. We have taken away the printin from them, and gin it all to our folks; still they keep up printin other papers; and we can't manage to choak them off no how, but they will keep jawin, and twittin on us; they won't print none of our notices, but keep all the while writin and printin their own, and try to make folks think that Webster, and Mc. Duffy, and

Adams, and Sargent, and Clay, and Binny, and Everett, and Gallatin, and a raft more of such kinder fellows, know more than Mr. Van Bruen, Mr. Kendle, Mr. Cambrelling, and Major Barry, and such good friends of our'n, and all as true as steel too. But I and the Ginerall have found out all about it.

Biddle and the Bank are the varments,—and if they are not put down there is no tellin the harm they'll do us. Biddle's Bank ain't like other Banks—ev'ry thing it does goes pretty much agin us; and most of the other Banks do all they can to help us. There is one at Albany called the Regency Bank; now that is the right kind of Bank; it loans money only to our friends, and gits its thumb on all the Banks it can, and makes them do so too; and if they don't they put the screws on 'em—and that's the reason why our folks are so strong in Albany; and if the United States Bank was managed jest like the Regency Bank, we should all on us be much better off. And what was the United States made for? Didn't Mr. Madison, and Mr. Monroe, and Mr. Adams, when they were Presidents, jest go into it whenever they pleased, and shovel out the money to their friends, and the opposition folks didn't git one cent; and now that Ginerall Jackson is President, and who has done more for the country than all the Presidents, and Ginerals, and Commodores, and the whole bunch on 'em ever did, when he wants to do a trifle for his friends in the same way, they won't let him—'Well then,' says he, 'I'm the *Government*, and I want my money;' and then

they turn and print books and speeches, saying the General ain't the Government; and try to make folks think the Secretary of the Treasury and Congress, and not the General, has the right to take away the money. Now the General don't care no more for Congress than he does for the Secretary of the Treasury, and he'll save them jest as he has him. We don't want them; they only make trouble; unless they do jest as we tell 'em. We want money, and must have it. Some of our folks who have been working hard for us hain't got any, and we have got no more offices to give 'em.

The rich folks have pretty much all the money, but as we can outvote 'em, they ought to shell out—and that's pretty much Mr. Van Buren's notion too. And his notion is, too, that there ought to be a convention, to nominate a President, jest like that one a spell ago in Baltimore. One man is enuff for each State, only get the right one, and then vote by majority, jest as George Creamer did when he gave six-and-thirty votes for old Pennsylvany. It won't do to wait too löng—it's only three years more afore we shall want another President, and we ought to spring to it now jest as the General says about the Bank—that's got only three years more to run, and he's afraid it can't wind up as safely by that time as it can now, and so he's goin to give it a twist on 1st October—and we mean to follow it up till we nock it all to bits, unless Biddle resigns, and if he does, the General says he'll make me President of the Bank, and give it a new charter, and then we'll git all our folks in and make things go better there.

There is no use in Congress, or anybody else to try and corner the Ginerel—he has thrashed double their number afore this, and if they do try to drive him in a corner, it will turn out jest like a skunkin frolic—the foremost dog will get the worst on't.

By order of the Gouernment,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

LETTER XV.

Favourable news of the Broker's business from Zekel—
Squire Biddle a Jackson man—a real jaw in the Long
Room—An editor put in advance of the news.

To my old friend Mr. Dwight, of the N. Y. Daily Advertiser.

Washington, 9th October, 1833.

WE have just got the election news from Philadelphia, and I and the General aint over and above tickled by it after all, seein that our folks promised us to get the hull on't, *and Girard's money too*. But I tell him we'll git that next year; and as we have now got the deposits out of the bank, it's glory enuff for one spell.

I got a letter from Zekel Bidgelow t'other day, who I see is pretty busy now in Wall-street, and will soon take the shine off the most of the brokers there. He says he and the rest of the brokers got knocked all aback by Squire Biddle agreein to take the branch notes from the deposit banks, instead of lettin them banks send them away west and south themselves, and which would cost them or the Goverment about 3 per cent., unless they let the brokers do it for a trifle less. This move of Squire Biddle seems to puzzle the brokers considerable: and Zekel says this aint the first time the Squire has trod on the toes of the brokers. And as Zekel is now turned broker himself, he don't seem to like the Squire as well as he used to;

but he thinks the Squire can't stand it long, and that he only does it now because we have a little money left in his bank, and as soon as we take that away, and which we are doin now as fast as we can, that then the Squire will say he has nothin more to do with the Government, and let ev'ry bank take care of its own bills—or, as Zekel says, let ev'ry man 'skin his own skunks.' And then it's Zekel's notion the brokers will have their day. He says, as it is, he is makin a good livin in shavin drafts from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., which the U. S. Bank used to take and collect for nothin. He is however plaguy wrathful with the deposit banks in New York makin money so plenty there; for Mr. Tanev, our new Secretary of the Treasury, has tell'd 'em to use up in New York pretty much all the Government money they collect there (and they collect pretty much the hull on't—and so Zekel thinks there will be trouble away west; where they hain't got as many banks and as much money as they have in Wall-street, and so he thinks of takin a turn down there soon, for he says there is no chance for brokers where money is as plenty as blackberries.

The keenest folks we've got to look out for us about the country is the district attorneys. They hain't got much to do now in the way of their office, and we make 'em attend to other matters. We've got a rale sharp little fellow to keep an eye out on Squire Biddle, and got him in the Bank too. So that the Squire can't get round him no way. *That report* he made to the General t'other day, *was nigh upon as good as my Bank report.* It

some things it is much better ; for my 'report' only tell'd folks what I saw, and what I knew,—but his goes a trifle further—it tells the General pretty much all about what he didn't see, and what he don't know, and that's more than most folk can do ; and gives things a plaguy curious lawyer's twist, that helps us along considerable. I suppose now the Squire will answer this, and tell all about it ; and we was plaguy fraid he'd do it before the election in Philadelphia. But it won't do him no good now ; we have had the first lick at him, and that, the General says, is the best part of the battle. I and the General was lookin over the accounts that I had taken when I was examinin the Bank—and comparin them with this 'cute little fellow's report, and once and a while the General would snort out, I tell you. And, says he, 'Major, if by any chance we lose Amos Kindle, we must git that little district attorney here with us—he's a puzzler, aint he ?' 'That he is,' says I, 'General ; but I am afraid,' says I, 'that the Squire will puzzle him, and us too, when he comes out with his reply.'

'But there is one thing, Major,' says the General, 'that I don't see how Biddle can git round ; and that is, how he dares to take upon himself to do what only could be done by the Directors. Look at the Charter ; there it is as plain as A. B. C. He has no right to do a single thing, unless the Directors are all present, and agree to it.' 'Well,' says I, 'General, that is a puzzler ; and yet all the Bank folks say he does right ; and its more their business than ourn. And,' says I, 'General, come

to think on't, and the notion never struck me before, but I begin now to believe that Squire Biddle is a rale Jackson man.' 'Why,' says he, 'Major, you are as crazy as a mad rooster—how can you make that out?' 'Why,' says I, 'I do raly believe when the Squire did anything without the Directors, he said, *I take the responsibility.*' The Ginerall got up, stamp'd round a spell; and, says he, 'Major, you beat all natur.' But this tickled the Ginerall considerable. 'Well,' says he, 'Major, if I only knew he said so, I'd put all the deposits back again in the Bank to-morrow; for I do like a man who aint afraid of responsibility.'

We come nigh having a pretty considerable riot here last night. I and the Ginerall had been to bed about two hours, and had jest got threw talkin over matters, and got into a kinder doze, when we was startled by the tarnalest racket you ever hear tell on. The Ginerall jump'd right on cend, and run and got his Hickory, and I arter him, with the only thing I could get hold on handily—'Never mind your Regimentals and Corderoys, Major,' says he, and down stairs we went, side by side, and I a leetle a head on him; for I always like to lead into scrapes, and out of scrapes. There is a long room where the most of our folks git together, to talk over matters every night, and eat supper; and sometimes they git into a kinder squabble, but keep quiet. But this time some how they was in a terrible takin and smashin things. They was all at it, Editors, and Auditors, and Secretaries' Clerks, and under Post Masters, and Contractors, jawin and poundin one another, and

Amos among the thickest on 'em. The Gineral look'd on for about a minit, and, says he, 'Major, shall I go in, or will you? I don't like to do it,' says he, 'for they have all done us much sarvice, but we can't let this riot go on.' 'Well,' says I, 'Gineral, do you give me your Hickory,' and says I, 'I'll go at 'em, and make short work.' 'Take care, Major,' says he, 'how you hit, and who you hit.' 'Never mind,' says I, 'Gineral, I'll take the responsibility.' 'Will you,' says he; 'well, here's my Hickory;—for,' says he, 'Major, tho' I dare do eny most any thing, I must confess I dare not take *that* responsibility.' And with that he went to bed, and I went at 'em, and such a time I never had. The first clip I made was at Amos,—but he dodged it, and I hit one of the Editors of the *Globe*, and knocked him about into the middle of next week.—One fellow got a fryin pan and made fight, but it was no use, for in less than a minit I cleared 'em all. As soon as they come to know who it was, they kinder tried to curry favor; and one said one thing, and one another; and every one tried to shuffle off upon the others; it was a considerable spell before I could get the cause on't; and then it turn'd out that the dispute began about the public deposits, and the next President, and a new Bank, and Mr. Duane and Squire Bid-
dle, and Mr. Van Buren,—and all mixed up so, I couldn't make head nor tail on't.' 'Now,' says I, 'my boys, make an eend on't:' and with that I slap'd the old Hickory down on the table, and I made their teeth chatter. 'My dander is up,' says I; 'and one word more and I'm down upon

you. What,' says I, 'a riot here at midnight—aint it glory enuff for you,' says I, 'to sarve under the Ginerel? If it aint,' says I, 'then I'm mistaken, and Mr. Van Buren too,—for he thinks it is,—and I think so too. And now,' says I, 'no more jawin'—and I left them; and when I got back to the Ginerel, I found him in a terrible takin; and it was nigh upon daylight afore we could git to sleep. He was all the while talkin about Amos Kindle, and the rest on 'em; and I do raly believe the Ginerel would never have gone to sleep, unless I tell'd him I would stick by him; and whenever the folks about us got into a snarl, if he would only lend me his Hickory, 'I'd take the responsibility.'

Yours to Sarve,
J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

LETTER XVI.

Trouble in the Cabinet—The use of Vacancies—Amos in a Panic—Mr. Van Buren's Nature and Prospects—A Rat among the Barrels.

To my old friend Mr. Dwight, of the N. Y. Daily Advertiser

Washington, 22d October, 1833.

My last letter to you tell'd you about that 'ere scuffle I had among some of our folks down stairs; and do you know it has been nigh bringing war among us. Mr. Van Buren came down here all in a lather about it. He was plaguy fraid there would be more voluntary dismissals; and he says it won't do to have too many of them all at once, or the folks about the country will begin to think that we ain't *units*. Some on 'em did try, I suspect, to make muddy water between me and the General; for one day when I was busy doing up some writin for the General, he was called out, and had a long talk with Mr. Van Buren and Amos Kindle, and some more on 'em; and when he came back, says he, 'Major, I wish you and I was at the Hermitage.' 'Why,' says I, 'how so, General?' 'Well, I don't know exactly why,' says he, 'but I don't see,' says he, 'what use there is in my bein here, for things are gettin now so mixed up, that I can't tell exactly what is best to do to get Mr. Van Buren in. Do you know, Major,' says he, 'that Mr. Van Buren says

he don't think it was right to move the deposits.' 'Why how you talk!' says I. 'Didn't he advise it?' 'Well, so I thought,' says the Ginerl; 'but he says it would be best only to hold it up by the tail, as you do a fox, and keep all the dogs barking for it; for as soon as you throw the fox in the crowd, a few old Jowlers grab hold, and the rest don't git a mouthfull; and then comes trouble.'

'Well,' says I, 'Ginerl, that's true enuff, and that's jest the way we are doin now with the minister to England, and some other appointments; we must keep the folks smellin round, and one vacancy to *fill*,' says I, 'is worth a dozen filled up.' 'But, Major, that ain't the worst trouble now,' says the Ginerl; and he got up, and stomped about, and then came back and filled his pipe, and stomped about agin, without lightin it. I see there was trouble brewin. Says he, 'Major, I don't care so much about it myself; but they say *you* must make Amos Kindle an apology for that blow you aimed at him tother night.' And with that I riz right up, and walked straight up chamber, and put on my rigementals, and my cocked hat, and hooked on my sword, and went strait down stairs to Amos. 'Here,' says I, 'Mister, the Ginerl says you want to say somethin to me.' 'O no, Major,' says he, 'there must be some mistake.' 'Well then,' says I, 'it is that you want me to say somethin to you.' 'O no,' says he, 'that's a greater mistake.' I looked at him for about a minit, and he shook like a North Carolina ague. Says he, 'Major, I suspect the Ginerl meant *you to look over* with me a statement I am gittin

up, showing how much money Mr. Clay has received of the Bank; it is almost done,' says he, 'and I'll bring it up for you and the General, and Mr. Van Buren to see.' 'Very well,' says I, 'that's enough.' And back I went to the General; and as soon as I got in front of him, I stopped. 'Now,' says I, 'General, what was that you was sayin a while ago that you wanted me to do?' The General was stumped; he looked at me a spell, and says he, 'Major, I reckon I've forgot it: and suppose we say no more about it.' And jest then in came Mr. Van Buren, and shortly after Amos came in, and we all sot down, and began to figer up the 'counts that our little District Attorney had been sendin to Amos Kindle, about the money the Bank had paid to Mr. Clay for his sarvices from the time Mr. Cheves employed him to sue the folks away West there, when the Bank closed up one of its branches. And it figers up pretty considerable. And Amos has got it so fixed, that it looks for all the world like 'bribery and corruption;' and we are comin out with it, and a good deal more too; and if it don't kill Clay, I'm mistaken.

The General is as wrathful as thunder about Clay's journey north, and Mr. Van Buren don't like it a bit nother. But the General tells Mr. Van Buren, if so be that the folks north and south, and all about creation, take a notion to Mr. Clay, and think he would make a better President than Mr. Van Buren,—then he, the General, will hold on for a third heat; and that's about my notion too. Mr. Van Buren would stand a good chance

in a race, when a good many are runnin, and if the ground is muddy and slippery; for he is a master hand at trippin folks. But I'm afraid he'd stand a slim chance over a clear field. And it ain't fair to make him run so. Any man can catch a rat in a strait race, because he ain't used to it; but give him a few old barrels and logs to dodge round, then, I tell you, it's pretty tuff work.

I hain't had a letter from Zekel Bigelow for some time. I raly begin to think that crittur has left Wall-street, and gone east with Mr. Clay—can you find out and let me know?

Your friend,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

[MAJOR DOWNING.—We were just preparing an article, going to show that we doubted the authenticity of the remarks of our friend of the Portland Courier, who claims to be the only publisher of Major Downing's Letters, by stating what we before asserted, that we believed ourselves his only publishers, when by due course of the mail we received the following letter from the Major himself. We find that we, like our friend in Portland, were equally hoodwinked by this astute politician, who led us, by innuendo at least, to believe we individually were his exclusive publishers; and now it turns out that he, like other politicians of the day, dealt out his notions to suit latitudes—'hogs' fat to one, and fresh butter to another.' We but do the Major common justice in believing that his letters originally published in this paper (now to the number of about twenty, and some pretty considerable long ones), embracing his invaluable Bank Report, contributed mainly, and we had almost said exclusively, to his present celebrity. We have no other interest, however, than to see, in the event of a publication, that our hero may not have occasion to say he has been shorn of his fame by his friends, in publishing his 'hogs' lard' and not his 'fresh butter' letters.—*Eds.*]

LETTER XVII.

Major Downing acknowledges all his juvenile productions—
His Apology for writing better now than formerly.

To my Old Friend of the Portland Courier.

Washington, October 27, 1833.

I SEE by the public papers you are about to print my letters to you—and you say I have written no other letters except those I writ to you. Why, my good old friend, if I had never quit

Downingville, and never looked beyond your little Courier, I should never have been so great a man as I now be. Suppose Mr. Van Buren had never done anything out of Kinderhook, do you think he would be as great a man as he is now? And the General too—suppose he had stuck to the Hermitage, do you suppose he would be President? No, no—this is a pretty considerable of a country; and what suits one part of it don't another—and as soon as I saw what a shocking big place New York was, says I, 'Now I'll do more than write for Portland;' and as I knowed my old friend Dwight had about as big a head as most folks in the printing line, and once a friend is always so, I took to write to him too; and you and he are the only ones I ever writ a word to. I didn't trouble you about many things I thought best to write to him about; because you don't know as much your way about some things, as you do about others. And I got so mixed up with great public affairs, that you wouldn't know no more about what I was at, than if I had got the General to write you in Latin.

Now, if you want to print my letters in a book, you had better git my old friend Dwight to give you all the letters I writ to him too; for, to tell you the truth, when I writ to him, I laid out a good deal of pains; and it was jest like goin to market—you know what suits Portland won't suit York; hog's lard will do for one, but the other won't take nothin but fresh butter to fry their fish with.

Little and Holden, of Philadelphia, wanted to

print my letters to Mr. Dwight, and they say they will give pictures with them, on eny most every page, and have my likeness, and the Ginerals, and Mr. Van Buren's, and Squire Biddle's, and all the Downingville folks too. If you can manage with them and Mr. Dwight, and git them altogether, it would be better, and then all the kounterfits would stand no chance.

But you can do as you please about that; only I now tell you, that my letters to Mr. Dwight are, if any thing, a leetle better than my letters to you; and folks think more on 'em than they do of any others I ever writ; and if it warn't for them I might have been Major Jack Downing to be sure, but I would not have been

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

LETTER XVIII.

Flattering Prospects of the President's Message—Indian Rights and Wrongs.

To my Old Friend Mr. Dwight, of the New York Daily Advertiser.

Washington, 2d Nov. 1833.

THE Congressmen are just beginnin to arrive here, and I suppose in a short time we shall have them here as thick as huckleberries ; and the Gine-ral is brushin round now, and says the Message must be finished and printed off hand, and we are all as busy as bees in gittin it dove-tailed together ; and after next week, the Gine-ral says, there can't be any more alterations. It is the first Message I ever had any hand in ; and tho' I say it, I guess you will say it is about as complete a thing as ever was sent express anywhere.

I have been to work on it ever since we was at the Rip-Raps ; and tho' it has been all pulled to bits, to git in some notions we didn't think on, yet it will look pretty slick, I tell you, when it's done ; and we will lay on paint enuff to kiver up all the cracks and seams.

We shall give a pretty good lick at the Bank, and won't leave as much on't standin as would make a good sized oven. It is curius now to see how easy it is to build up, or knock all to bits, any *thing* on paper. Now jest see about the Bank—

there it stands in Chesnut-street, with its hundred cord of specie, and its cart-load of books; and its branches here and there, and all busy, and full of clarks and directors, and folks in Europe, and all about creation dealin with it; and the Brokers in Wall-street all busy about it: and Biddle's bills goin about, and most folks thinkin they are better than hard dollars; and all the old men and women holdin the stock, supposin it will go up agin as high as they paid for it; and I, and the Ginerol, and Amos Kindle, and Mr. Van Buren talkin over it—and one line in the Message nocks it all into kindlin-wood. For, you see, when 'the Government' says a thing must be jest so, there is no help for it—we can't stand to chat about trifles. The Ginerol has broken three pipes the last time we talked about it. 'Biddle and the Bank must be smashed,' says he, 'Major,'—and so smash they go, Congress or no Congress.

The next thing was the Ingins. Here the Ginerol began to hum—and I don't pretend to say nothin, for I never did like an Ingin, and never can. The Cherokees give us a good deal of trouble in Georgia last year; but the Ginerol took sides with Georgia, because he had a good many friends there, and Mr. Van Buren had too; for that state was the only one that nominated him Vice-President a spell ago; and if he had got in there, and Mr. Crawford President, who was ailin all over with some plaguy *apoplexy*—I and the Ginerol would never have been hearn on arterward. But no matter—the Ginerol says he didn't make that treaty with the

Cherokee—and it was made so long ago, he has no more interest—and treaties oughtn't to last for ever. For the treaty with the Creeks in 1825, or '26, made, and he knows all about it; and he knows it about it, and saw all the operations of the land in Alabama, just as they wanted him to do in Georgia—but he wouldn't—there is no more land about it. I tell you—and you don't know nothing about it in York; but the General is right to know about it; and as soon as he saw the Proclamation of the Governor of Alabama, you never see a soldier so surprised as the General was. 'Major,' says he, 'in the eternal, we shall have another Nullification this Congress, after all. You needn't say much about it,' says he, 'in the Message,—we'll keep that for a Proclamation.' 'Well,' says I, 'General, you are a master-hand at getting into trouble.' 'But,' says he, 'Major, can't I a master one in getting out of one?' says he.

We've got an old trunk up-chamber, full of troubles—old laws, and treaties, and contracts, and state claims—and whenever we want any powder, all we've got to do is to open that, and snook among old papers, and get up a row in no time. The General likes this a little better than I do, for the most of the labour falls on me; and the only way I can get rid of it is to make our folks down stairs do it, if I see it gives any on 'em a boost with his party—for I don't care nothin about any thing here but the General; and if I can get him threw this Congress, it's pretty much all I care

about, and he too ; for arter that, I'm goin with him to the Hermitage, for I expect by that time there won't be much more left of us than our beards and shoe-strings.

Your friend,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

LETTER XIX.

The President's Plan for managing the Bank and the Country—Hunt for lost Spectacles—How and where they were found.

To my Old Friend Mr. Dwight, of the N. Y. Daily Advertiser.

Washington, 12th November, 1833.

I HAVE always been tellin the Gineral, as you know, that of all troubles there was none so tuff to git round as money troubles, and when such matters git in a snarl, it was worse than tryin to straiten a militia line arter dinner. I was always afraid that we was gittin too many folks to handle the money, and to be figerin at the 'counts. Ever since I was a boy I always had a notion that the fewer hands in countin the better, and the less you handle money the better, for the more you handle it, somehow, the less it grows. And then agin I tell'd the Gineral, over and over agin, 'Don't meddle with the Bank,' says I; 'the money is safe enuff there, and one pocket,' says I, 'Gineral, is better than twenty.' But you know when I was in New-York with Zekel Bigelow tryin to find out the cause of money bein scarce, and when Zekel broke his watch showin me how the United States Bank worked among other banks, the folks somehow got round the Gineral, and the deposits was removed.

I have been lookin out for trouble ever since, though I was bound to stick to the Ginerl, right or wrong, as I telled him I would.

Tother day, when we came to that part of the Message where we have to speak of mony matters, we sent for Mr. Tany, our new Secretary of the Treasury, to bring in his accounts. He warn't quite ready, for he ain't as quick at siferin yet as he will be to rights; so we waited for him a spell, and left a place here and there in the Message, jest big enuff to put in figers: and so last night the Ginerl sent agin, and said he must have the 'counts, 'ready or not ready,' and up they came, sure enuff, and not more than half-cooked; but the Ginerl won't wait for nothin when he's in a hurry. 'Now,' says he, 'Major, turn to and see how they stand with last year.' And so at it I went, comparing all the amounts of outlays, the Ginerl all the while smoking and thinkin pretty hard, with his feet up on the mantle. I figered up the sums pretty quick, considerin there was a good many on 'em called *estimates*; and when I got to the eend on't, 'Now,' says I, 'Ginerl, you know I tell'd you that we could git up and put down nullification in no time—we could turn out a cabinet and appint other folks—we could send ministers abroad, and let 'em come home as soon as they pleased, and send other folks in their places, and give all full pay too—we could nock the United States Bank and Squire Biddle all into splinters—we could let our folks go on the Ingin lands in one place and drive them off in other places, and git up an Ingin

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100

pocket, and then in another—for he had no less than seven pockets besides his watch fob—and he couldn't find his spectacles—says he, 'Major, have you seen my spectacles?' 'No,' says I, 'Gineral, I hain't—where do you keep 'em?' says I, —'Why,' says he, 'I used always to keep 'em in this side breast-pocket, but I have been so peater'd lately, I must have chang'd pockets'— 'That's bad,' says I, 'Gineral especially,' says I, 'when one wants any thing in a hurry. Now,' says I, 'I only keep one pocket; and I got that notion,' says I, 'from Squire Biddle, for he keeps eny most every thing in one pocket, and he can tell in a minit pretty much all about eny thing.'

The Gineral kept all the while feelin and turnin his pockets inside out, but no spectacles. Says he, 'Major, I reckon them 'ere spectacles are somewhere in one of these pockets, and I'll find 'em,' says he, 'if I have to take my shirt off;' and at it he went, and he off coat and jacket, and I don't know what all, and I all the while shakin 'em to find the spectacles—by-and-by I ses a hole in his pantaloons-pocket; 'I'm on track now,' says I, 'Gineral; here's a hole:' and sure enuff, when he came to take off his boots, there was his best gold-rim specs, and all broke to flinders—and if we hadn't been lookin for 'em, and if I hadn't seen that 'ere hole, you never would say they ever had been specs, for they were all jam'd to nothin.

There was a curious notion then jest come into my head, and I stood stock still, holdin the Gineral's pantaloons in one hand and his right boot upside

down in tother, and there lay the specs on the floor (or what there was left on 'em); and the Ginerall stood lookin at me with eny most nothin on him, and the Message and the Treasury 'counts and my slate lay on the table—there warn't a word said for more than 10 minits—an awful time to stand so.

So to rights the Ginerall he spoke, and says he, 'Major, what are you thinkin on?' 'Why,' says I, 'Ginerall, I was thinkin,' says I, 'if you had kept your spectacles in your side-breast pocket, they would be on your nose now; but,' says I, 'that ain't the worst on't, I'm afeard,' says I, 'Ginerall, we've got too many pockets for our money, and when we want it we shall all have to come to our shirts and boots before we find it.'

The Ginerall got as hornety as all nature at this; and says he, 'Major, I wish now you was only Calhoun, or Biddle, or Clay, or M'Duffy, or Don Pedro, or Black Hawk, or any one but Major Downing—for I feel as if I should like to give some one a thrashing.' 'Why,' says I, 'Ginerall, you ain't mad nor nothin, be you? for I am too,' says I; 'and every time I look at the 'counts,' says I, 'I feel as if I would like to git hold of some one, and thrash 'em too,'—and so we stomped about a spell, cussin and discussin most things, till we got cool again—but it was a considerable of a storm, I tell you.

Your friend,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

LETTER XX.

Account of the important difference between common 'Specs' and Magical Glasses; showing by plain matters of fact, how much more difficult it is to see through the latter than it is the former.

To my Old Friend Mr. Dwight, of the New York Daily Advertiser, who prints none but my own genuine letters—

Washington, 30th Nov. 1833.

THE last letter I writ you tell'd you about the hunt we had arter the Ginerals specs, and when we found 'em they was all stomp'd to bits in his boot. The Ginerals and all on us have been in trouble ever since about it, for they was given to him by Mr. Van Buren the very day Mr. Van Buren came to jine him at Washington as Secretary of State, and he tell'd the Ginerals never to let nobody handle them are specs but himself, and that when they got out of order, never to let nobody mend 'em but himself. And, do you know, so particular was the Ginerals, that when Mr. Van Buren was absent, I have known him to send them specs clean to England for Mr. Van Buren to fix 'em for him; for they had a dozen little screws and springs to 'em, that sometimes would get out of order, and when that was the case, you couldn't see no more threw 'em than you could threw Mr. Van Buren himself. As soon then as we found 'em all broke to bits, as I tell'd you in my last letter, the Ginerals was in the greatest trouble

I ever see ; and he wrote right off to Mr. Van Buren about it, and sent the letter by express clear to Albany, where Mr. Van Buren was ; and until that express got back agin, the Ginerall could do nothin with business. He was as bad off as an owl in the sunshine. So to rights the express got back, and brought a letter from Mr. Van Buren, and a new pair of specs—jest like the old ones (afore they was broken)—there warn't a might of difference.

He put 'em on, and he looked as natural agin in 'em as ever. 'Aha!' says he, 'Major, these are the specs, after all. 'Tis strange,' says he, 'I can't see things with Governor Cass's specs, nor Governor Woodberry's, nor anybody's, as well as I can with these, for they are jest like the pair I broke ;'—and then he read Mr. Van Buren's letter. 'See here now, Major,' says the Ginerall, 'how kind it is in Mr. Van Buren to caution me, agin and agin, not to touch the screws ; and do you know,' says the Ginerall, 'that ever since I have had Mr. Van Buren with me, that whenever we come to read over any long statement about politics, and who to appint, or what to do with the Bank, or any thing that required sharp looking into, he would always first examine my specs, and take 'em off to the window, or to a corner with a light, and see that all was right, and try 'em himself, and then bring 'em back to me ; for, as he says (and he is a knowin crittur) that unless I can see well into every thing, I best see nothin.'

A kinder notion then jest began to git in my head that I couldn't scratch out all I could do.

And says I, 'Gineral, I would like now peskily to examine them specs; for if Mr. Van Buren has not got a patent for 'em (and seein he is Vice-President, and don't need one), I think of gitting one myself.' 'Well,' says the Gineral, 'I never like to refuse you nothin; but Mr. Van Buren made me promise never to let nobody examine into 'em, and especially you; for,' says he, 'Major, do you know that Mr. Van Buren has a notion you know a good deal about contrivances, and that it is the natur of your people Down East: and it might be he intends to get a patent himself for these very specs; and if so, he ought to have it, for he says they are jest as much his *invention* as your letters are yourn.' 'Well,' says I, 'it's no matter.' But I got a kink in me to examin them are specs; and I couldn't sleep, nor eat, nor drink, till I got hold on 'em. So one night, when I and the Gineral had been readin over the Message, and it was all finished and complete, he put his name to it; 'And now,' says he, 'Major, do you attend to the printin on't, and git about 100 copies on't to send to our folks who are distant, so they can git it at soon and a little before the opposition folks can send it express, after it is delivered to Congress;' and so he went to bed, for he was eny most beat out. 'Now,' thinks I, 'for a try at them specs,'—for I was all the while thinkin on 'em; and the public work couldn't go on without 'em. And so I snook'd 'em out, and clapp'd them on,—the Gineral all the while snorin like a north-wester.

As soon as I took up the Message, and look'd

at it, I couldn't make head nor tail on't. It seem'd to me jest for all the world like one of them show-boxes,—all the letters and figers was goin round and round, and look'd all the while like some of them crowds we see last summer on the *grand tower*, throwin up hats, and cryin huzza for the Ginerl and Major Downing and Mr. Van Buren; and then, agin, there was a great glare, and it seem'd jest as if the Ginerl was in the middle on't, and Mr. Van Buren, and Major Barry, and Amos Kindle, and a raft more of our folks, all seem'd to be standing round, firing off rockets; they would squirt up over the Ginerl, and burst, and then shower down stars (jest as folks tell on tother night when the stars all did git a caperin),—and jest as they would come nigh the Ginerl those stars would git together and burst agin; and then you would see nothin but 'glory,' and not a mite of the Ginerl.

'Well,' thinks I, 'if the Ginerl can read the Message with these specs, it's more than I can.' But I stuck to it, I kept turnin over the leaves till I got to the Treasury Accounts and the Bank business, and the deposits, and matters of such nature,—I had read all that over so often before, with the Ginerl, I had it all by heart. But when I came to look at it through them specs, it was no more like it than I am like Mr. Van Buren. The accounts was all jumbled up, and then came another spell of 'glory' agin; the letters and figers all turnin into a crowd of folks, and throwin up hats: and there was Squire Biddle standin at *the door of his Bank*, and Clay, and Webster, and

Calhoun, and a crowd more of such chaps about him, with clubs in their hands, keepin off our folks, who all seem'd to be tryin to git into the windows; and some had got in and was jest comin out with bags on their backs, and among 'em I could see the cashiers of the new Deposit Banks, with as much as they could stagger under, and all carryin a label, with 'glory' and 'huzza for Ginerall Jackson,' and then agin up went another batch of rockets! and there was the Ginerall in another blaze of 'glory;' and jest as fast as I turned over the leaves, and look'd a spell, everything would git to caperin agin, and end in a blow up; and I could jest git a glimps of the Ginerall, all kivered up in 'glory.'

Well, thinks I, if things look so to the Ginerall, as they do to me threw these specs, I don't wonder so much that he don't always see 'em as other folks do; and then I went to work, lookin into the contrivance; I give one screw a twist one way, and the glasses flew round like a flash; and I took up the Message agin, and had another look, the letters and figures would all jump about a spell, and change sides; and when you come to read 'em, they warnt nothin like what I had written 'em; so I kept on turnin the screws, and slippin the springs, and every time I'd try another look, things kept all the while lookin different—and by-and-by I got 'em so that things look'd jest as they are; and as they look threw most specs. 'Well,' thinks I, 'if this don't beat all natur.'—And the more I look'd into the contrivance of them are specs, the more I began to

think that they show a thing or two in Military. And now, thinks I, I'll leave these specs as they now are, and let the General make a look at things as he meet 'em before Mr. Van Buren gave him a pair of spectacles. And so the next morning, when the General came into the Cabinet-room in-chamber, the first thing he said, says he, 'Major, I'll take good care now I put these specs in my pantaloons-pocket again.' And he took 'em out of his side-pocket, and began rubbin' 'em; 'Now,' says he, 'Major, let me take another look at that Message. I want to see,' says he, 'how the Treasury, Customs and the Bank matters look since more; for, as you know,' says he, 'Major, I don't know much about figers, and every time I read that over, I'd get puzzled. But I suppose it's all right; and as soon as I git puzzled with such matters, or any other matters, I seem to think the people understand it if I don't; for I can almost swear I can see 'em jest as glad, let me do or say what I will, as they all was on the *grand tower*; and that's enuf.' So I turned over the Message to that part the General wanted to see; and he put on his specs, and went on to readin it.

I kept my eye on him; he look'd a spell, and blink'd, and twisted his mouth, and took off his specs and rubb'd 'em, and look'd agin and blink'd, and twisted his eyebrows, laid the Message on his knees, and begun to reckon on his fingers—for he is a master-hand at that, and can do a sum so, nigh upon as quick as I can with a slate—so to rights, says he, 'Major, I don't like the looks of

this a bit.' 'How so?' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'I don't know, but it don't look as it used to.' And with that he look'd up over the mantel-tree piece—and started back, and look'd agin, and twisted his eyebrows and lips plagily; and to rights, says he, 'Major, whose likeness is that in plaster?' 'Why,' says I, 'that's Mr. Van Buren, and a good likeness too.' 'Well, whose is that?' 'Why that's yourn,' says I, 'and it looks for all the world like you'—and with that he jump'd up and took his hickory, and with one lick he smashed both on 'em into powder. Jist then in come Amos Kindle with some newspapers, and the Ginerall walk'd right up to him with his hickory in one hand, and the other hand holdin on his spectacles—the Ginerall blinked at him a spell—Amos bowed—'Who are you?' says the Ginerall; 'what do you want?' and jest as he was going to speak, the Ginerall fetch'd him a clip, and if he hadn't been a master-hand at dodging, you'd a heard no more on him: he streaked it for the door, and got out in time. 'Major,' says the Ginerall (taking off his specs to give 'em another wipe); 'warn't that Calhoun, or was it Duff Green?' 'twas one or tother of them slim streaked-looking fellers, I'm sartin.' I see there was no time to lose, and at this rate the Ginerall would smash all the looking-glasses, and the Message too, and every thing else about him, if I couldn't git them are specs back agin, to fix the screws jest as Mr. Van Buren had 'em, so that he could see 'glory' agin and nothin else; and so I tell'd the Ginerall to let me wipe his specs: and as soon as I got



LETTER XXI.

Plan of the President's Message to Congress—and of a
Cabinet Supper—Song for the Important Occasion—
Please not to call the Major *Jack* Downing.

To my Old Friend Mr. Dwight, of the N. Y. Daily
Advertiser.

Washington, 9th December, 1833.

MY last letter tell'd you about that diskovery I made in the natur of the Ginerall's specs—and that the Message I had been to work on for some time was jest finished—but the very next day we had to take it all to bits, and spring to and write eny most the hull of a new one, for we found we had gone too much into particulars, especially about the 'counts; and letters from Mr. Van Buren advised us to say as little about such matters as possible, for Congress would only make us tell pretty much the hull on't over agin—and the best way was to say little at first, and trust to luck and chance afterward. As soon as the Ginerall came to know of this, says he, 'Major, you must look out and keep in that Latin about the Bank anyhow.' So we kept that in, but it was plaguy troublesome to make it work well with the rest on't, for when you come to make English on't, it reads that the Ginerall would have taken the Bank by the throat right off, if he thought he could make that Latin pill operate afore the charter

'em, I screw'd 'em back to the old place, and ever since that things go on smooth agin. I don't like to show the Ginerál the nature of this contrivance yet of Mr. Van Buren's, but when Congress gets agoin, we shall have high times; and when the good time comes to let the Ginerál see things as they are, without any 'glory,' I'll jest git his spectacles, and give them a twist back to a *plain sight*, and if you don't see trouble among some of our folks I'm mistaken. The Message now being done, and Congress jest getting together, I shall have more time to write to you.

I wish you'd git a 'black pony' goin this season, like the folks did last year, who print a paper down-cellar under yourn, and if you don't let him run so nigh Sunday as they did, I'll send all my letters by him.

Yours, &c.,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

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expire—and then when he says the Bank does wrong in bringing its business to a close so rapidly as it is now doing. There is one thing however that's true enough for seeing that Judge Marshall is a stationer know-nothing kind of critter, and would have a finger in giving the Bank that pull the General speaks of in Latin. I don't believe it would have operated since the charter expired, if it had fifty years more to run—so there is more wit and common in what the General says than folks think for.

There was another thing puzzled us to a trifle about the Bank. Last year, when we thought it had no rale chink in it, the General thought best to take the deposits away from it; but since I tell'd the General in my Bank Report there was more than one hundred cords of the rale grit, we had to say in the Message they had too much.

The Post Office accounts was the next bother; and that puzzled all on us peakily. But we got round that by a very lucky discovery; and you see by the Message there has ben an error in keepin the 'counts in the post office ever since General Washington's time; and every Postmaster General, up to Major Barry's time, never found it out; and it was so curious that he took nigh upon five years to git at it. But it's all clear now, for he is an amazin sharp feller at siferin. We struck out all about the *Grand Tower*, for Clay has been over the same ground, and Mr. Van Buren thought it was best to say nothin about it. And it warn't thought best too to say nothin about the Nullifiers, for some of Mr. Van Buren's friends in Georgia,

headed by Crawford, are gittin up Nullification there, worse than Calhoun's last winter, and it makes all the difference in the world when you come to see that one's own friends are doin what our enemies did afore.

As soon as we sent the Message to Congress, we set about gittin up a supper for all our folks who had ben to work on't, and we had a grand time; all our Majors was there. The Ginerall was so beat out, he didn't stay long; but some on 'em kept it up till nigh daylight.

We had some rale good songs too; and one of our Majors is a plaguy sharp singer. I got a copy of one on 'em; but I hain't got time now to send you the hull on't; so I'll jest give you three varses only.

Come, comrades, one and all,
Here assembled in the hall,
Lest us sing of times past, present, and to come;
We have every thing at stake,
And our fortunes yet to make,
And the public good is now a-days "a hum."

Times past have all gone by,
And old laws are "all my eye,"
The *present* and the *future* we are sure in,
When the Ginerall's time is up,
We'll fill again the cup,
And drink to Amos Kindle and Van Buren.

We have no one now to thank
For a discount at the Bank,
Since we've got the public money from Nick Biddle,
And as we alone have ernt it,
We'll use it as we want it,
Security is now all fiddle diddle.

I wish you would tell folks to stop callin me

Jack Downing—'twas well enuff when I warn't quite so much up in the world as I now be; and it was jest so with Mr. Van Buren—folks would keep callin him 'Mat;' but it warn't right, and it ain't good manners neither. And there is another thing I don't like; but I don't care so much about it (for I ain't ashamed of any letter I ever did write), and that is printin in a book all the letters I *first* rit, and mixin up other Letters and Sam Patch, and callin some of my Letters to you counterfits. As soon as I git the General threw this Congress, I'll turn to and git my Letters all together that I writ to you, beginnin with the *Grand Tower*. Major Earl is drawin my likeness, and the General's, and Mr. Van Buren's, and the most of our folks for me. He is a master hand at 'it; and Zekel Bigelow tells me if I'll give him the copyright, he'll new shingle our old barn for nothin. How comes on your book about the Hartford Convention? The General wants you to send him a copy on't as soon as it is done—he wants to see how nigh Yankee Nullification comes to Nullification now-a-days.

Yours, &c.

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

LETTER XXII.

Character of Mr. Clay—Art of War—A pitched and drawn Battle on the U. S. Bank—Amnesty and Overtures—Truce—*Statu quo ante bellum*—A Walk—A Button off—Tailor's Shop—The Button Scene—The Major's Success at a new Trade—The Bank worth a Button.

To my Old Friend Mr. Dwight, of the N. Y. Daily Advertiser.

Washington, Dec. 14th, 1833.

WE have got business enuff now on our hands, I tell you; and nigh upon every day we have a squall that brings all hands to the helm. We have had fair wind so long, that few on us know exactly how to steer now-a-days, when every wind comes right in our teeth. I hain't had my coat off since Congress met; and the Ginerall says we must watch them fellows closely. 'Keep a sharp look out, Major,' says he, 'on Clay—he is a *bold, independent* fellow, and will speak out his notions if the devil stands at the door; and if he had the people with him,' says the Ginerall, 'as I have, there is no tellin what trouble he would give us. He would make as good a Ginerall as ever was. But it will never do to *trust that man with power*.' 'Very well,' says I, 'Ginerall—but, plague on't, says I, 'the crittur somehow keeps law on his side all the while.' 'That's true enuff,' says the Ginerall, 'and therefore we must keep a sharper eye on

him, and the time is come now, Major, when we must all on us try our popularity—for when the law is agin us, we shan't have nothin else to stand on. There is nothin,' says the Ginerl, 'like war-times, Major—for then, when these troublesome fellows talk about law I'd give 'em martial law, and that makes short work.'

Just after breakfast yesterday, I and the Ginerl had a high time together. I had been expecting every day to see the Bank come out with a *reply*; and I tell'd the Ginerl, says I, 'Ginerl, I'm afraid we'll git a stumper from Philadelphia one of these days, that will nock us all into kindlin-wood.' But he kept sayin there was no fear of that. 'Why,' says he, 'Major, you forgit that we first give the Bank a most mortal welthin three years ago and left 'em no other defence than to print reports and speeches; and that show'd they hadn't much spunk; and we have been criplin on 'em ever since. And when I see they began to stagger, I give 'em our hull battery, and opened upon 'em in flank, front, and rear, our sharp shooters, headed by that amazin cute little District Attorney, open'd first on 'em. Then come my Proclamation—and then my Message—and then Mr. Tany's report—and the Globe all the while throwin shells and rockets. Why,' says the Ginerl, gittin up and takin his hickory, and givin it a whack on the floor—'if the Bank stands all that racket, Major, it's tuffer than a pepperage log. No, no, Major,' says the Ginerl, 'don't you fear that the Bank will ever say a word in reply—*it's as dead now*,' says the Ginerl, 'as a skinned

raccoon.' And the words warn't out of his mouth afore in came a hull bundle of letters and newspapers, and the first thing I see among 'em was the 'Bank reply.' 'Now,' says I, 'Gineral, here's trouble!—here's the very thing,' says I, 'I've been afraid on all the while.' The Gineral laft a spell; and says he, 'Major, suppose you and I now jest take a bout, and you'll see how easy I can nock that reply into nothin.' 'Well,' says I, 'Gineral, it's a bargain.—Now,' says I, 'let us sit down, and you may take,' says I, 'the Globe, or our District Attorney's report, or your Proclamation, or your Message, or Mr. Tany's report—ary one on 'em,—or,' says I, 'come to think on't, you may take 'em all together,—for they are pretty much *all one*.—and I'll take this 'Bank reply,' and then let's see what kind of a fight it will turn out.' 'Well,' says the Gineral, 'you are a man of spunk, Major, and I like you for it: and if I make a prisoner on you, I'll treat you like a brave soldier.' 'And so will I you, Gineral,' says I, 'and if you fall in the fight,' says I, 'Gineral, I'll bury you,' says I, 'with the honors of war;' and then we shook hands. 'Now, Major,' says the Gineral, 'as I am to begin the fight, don't you fire till I fire, and then we'll go threw, shot by shot.' 'Well,' says I, 'I want to know first, if I have a right to fire back *your shot*, if they miss me, and I can pick 'em up?' 'O yes,' says the Gineral, 'that's fair in war.' 'Use the *enemies*' shot and shells, and guns too, if you can, Major,—*that's the true art of war*.' The Gineral all the while kept fixing his papers all in a string on one side the table. He put his own

Messages and Proclamation in the middle, and flank'd off with our District Attorney and Mr. Tany's reports; and then he sifted the Globe about, and call'd them *scouts* and *foragers*—'There,' says he, 'Major, I am now nearly ready;' and he took off his specs, and gin 'em a good rubbin and put 'em on agin. 'Now, Major,' says he, 'take your station.' And I went round tother side, and sat down. 'Are you ready?' says the Ginerol.—'All ready,' says I—and at it we went. The Ginerol, he open'd his fire first, as agreed; and he fir'd away from his first Message—and then his second—then he took the Globe, and then the reports,—and he blaz'd away like all wrath, for an hour; and as soon as he stop'd to take breath—'Now,' says I, 'it's my time,'—and I read the reply a spell, and answered all he said in three minits. And I gin him a look! The Ginerol twisted his face most shockin, and scratched his head too. But he went at it agin as spunky as ever; for he is an amazin tuff crittur in a fight, and hangs on like a snappin turtle when he gits hold. He banged away a spell agin like all natur; and jest as he took his specs off to give 'em a rub, I gin him the reply agin. The Ginerol gin his face another plagy hard rumple; and I sot waitin for him to fire agin. Says he, 'Major, that's a sharp piece you are firin with there.' 'It's a peeler,' says I, 'Ginerol, I tell you—but you hain't got the best on't yet—it's jest gittin warm,' says I.

'Major,' says the Ginerol, 'suppose we change batteries—let me take that reply, and you take all *these documents*. I like to fight,' says the Ginerol,

'when there is ten to one agin me.' 'So do I,' says I, 'Gineral, and so we'd better fight it out as we sit.'

The Gineral looked a spell at his paper agin; and, says he, 'Major, I reckon we had better have a truce.' 'Not now,' says I, 'I've got my hand in now, and want to see the fight out.' 'Well,' says the Gineral, 'you see, Major, what comes when any one attempts to drive the executive;' and with that he got up, and took off his specs, and put 'em in his pocket, and put on his hat and took his hickory, and fetched a whack on the table,—'Vro,' says he—'That's enuff,' says I, 'Gineral.'

'And now,' says the Gineral, 'let's go and take a walk'—and so we went. The Gineral didn't say nothing for more than a mile, and I nother. So, to rights, says he, 'Major, everybody says money is very scarce.' 'That's true enuff,' says I, 'and it's not got as scarce as it will be afore winter is over;' and then I tell'd the Gineral the cause on't. 'Well,' says the Gineral, 'I believe you are right; and if the worst comes to the worst,' says he, 'we'll have a new Bank, and that will make money plenty agin, wont it?' 'Yes,' says I, 'I suppose so; but we can't git a new Bank, Gineral, afore this one's time is out, and that's nigh three years yet; and long afore that time,' says I, 'there will be trouble enuf, as this one must all the while be collectin in its own money; and folks will fail, and be bankrupt; and then twenty new Banks will do them no good.' 'I don't see that,' says the Gineral. 'If we could make a new Bank now,' says I, 'right off, and let

it take up the business of the old one, it wouldn't make much odds. But the law won't allow that, you know, General.' And jest then the General got in a way he has of twitchin' with his suspender buttons behind; and to rights he broke one off. 'There,' says he, 'Major, here is this confounded button off agin.' 'Well,' says I, 'that's a small matter—here is a tailor's shop,—let's go in and make him put it on'—and so in we went. The tailor happened to be one of our party, and was tickled to death to see the President, and thought he was goin' to git an office right off, and was plagily cut down when he come to find it was only a button off; and so he jumped back on his board, and sat down on his heels agin, and said if the General would take off his pantaloons, he'd put it on in a few minutes.—I looked at the General and he looked at me—and we both looked at the tailor. 'Why,' says the General, 'this is the worst thing, Major, I ever met—I'm stump'd completely! It will never do to risk walking home with this button off; for if 'tother one comes off, it's all over with me; and if I sit here without my pantaloons till that fellow puts on a button, I'll kitch my death of cold! Look here, Major,' says the General, 'that other button is taken all the strain, and it will come off in less than five minutes—what is to be done? It seems to me, Major,' said the General, 'that no man is placed so often in such real trouble as I am.'—'Yes,' says I, 'General, but it's fortunate for you, you always have me with you.' 'I know it, Major,' says he, 'and I hope you will be as true a friend now as ever you

have been.'—And with that, says I to the tailor, 'Can't you fix things now, so as to git over all this trouble?' 'There is only one way,' says the tailor, 'and that I've stated, and another thing,' says he, 'the Ginerall wants a new pair.' 'You rascal,' says the General, 'you can't make a better pair, and one that fits me better, if you try a month—these pantaloons,' said the Ginerall, 'are better than a new pair; and if they only had new buttons here they would last me to my dying day.—It takes me weeks and months to git a pair to sit easy. I won't have a new pair,' says the Ginerall, 'that I'm determined on. I see,' says the Ginerall, 'what you are after—you want a new job.'

'Well,' says I, 'Ginerall, let me try'—and with that I wax'd a thread, and got a new button; and whilst the Ginerall stood up, I sot down behind him, and stitched on the button in three minits—the Ginerall all the while shaking his hickory at the tailor, and tellin him that he had no more brains in his head than he had in his thimble.—'You are a pretty fellow to belong to my party,' says he; 'I should have been soon in a pritty condition, if I had taken your advice,' says the Ginerall. 'Let me ever ketch you at the White House agin.' So to rights, the tailor got mad too, and said he didn't belong to the Ginerall's party—he was a Tany-Kindle-Van-Buren-Jackson-man; he knew which side his bread was butter'd; and he looked plagey knowin too—it was jest as much as I could do to keep the Ginerall from smashing him—so says I, 'Come, Ginerall, let's be

movin ;' and we went home—the Ginerall all the while talking about his escape from an awful state that tailor was about getting him in.—'Well,' says I, 'Ginerall, little things sometimes give us a kink and a notion of bigger ones ; and now,' says I, 'do you know, Ginerall, we are in a scrape now, pretty much like that one we jest got out on.' 'How so?' says the Ginerall. 'Why,' says I, 'the Bank, there it is,' says I, 'jest like your pantaloons, *better than new* ; and only wants a new button ; and some of these ere political tailors about us here want us to sit shivering and shakin, and running the risk of getting a rheumatiz that will last us our lives, jest for them to get the job of makin a new one.'

'And now, says I, 'I guess you and I had better disappoint 'em, as we did the tailor jest now—stitch on a new button, and things will go smooth agin.' The Ginerall didn't say a word ; but he got thinking plagey hard, till we got home agin, and he got his pipe, and I got mine, and jest as we were lighten 'em, says he, 'Major, there are some fellows about us here that pester me most desperately—we must all go as a 'Unit,' or I must blow 'em all up, and git a new set. We'll think of it,' said the Ginerall, and with that we cocked our feet on the mantel-tree, and in less than five minutes you couldn't see no more on us than our toes.

Your Friend,
J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

LETTER XXIII.

Reasons for some People's feeling easy—The Major preparing to "do something" for the Country—A half-kitchen Cabinet Council—The Major whittles, to save Time and listen—A still busier Man—Scylla and Charybdis—Business planned.

To my Old Friend, Mr. Dwight, of the N. Y. Daily Advertiser.

Washington, 27th December, 1833.

My last letter to you tell'd you of that trouble the General got in about the buttons, and if it hadn't bin for me he'd bin in a pretty scrape with that tailor. The General hain't forgot that yet, and won't so long as he wears buttons.

You know I've bin telling you along about my fears of mony troubles—well it's bad enuff, and is goin to be worse yet, or I know nothin. And the General is beginnin to think so too. All our folks about us here don't feel it, for they have all got fat offices—but I know the people feel it who hain't got fat offices—and until they speak up, things will go worse and worse. Every letter I git now is full of trouble and distress—and I tell'd the General t'other day, says I, 'General, we must look into this matter, now I tell you.' 'Why,' says he, 'Major, "the Government" ain't to blame—every man about me says it ain't his fault.' 'Well,' says I, 'some one did it, I'm certin—things went smooth enuff,' says I, 'till we got dab-

lin and medlin in mony matters and the Bank; and now it's all heds and pints, and when we say it ain't our fault,' says I, 'it's pretty much like a man puttin a long pole over a fence on a swivel—and after pullin one end round with a jerk, if he nocks over a doren folks with the other end, says it ain't his fault—now it's pretty much jest so with the Bank,' says I, 'and if you can't see it, all I can say is, I can.'

'Well, Major,' says the Ginerol, 'somethin must be done, anyhow, for I begin to think that politics and mony matters don't always werk together. I'll call all our folks together,' says the Ginerol, 'and we'll have a full Cabinet and look into this matter; and do you, Major, prepare yourself, for I'm goin to turn over a new leaf, that I'm determined on'—and with that he issued orders for every man to be at the Cabinet Chamber the next day jest after breakfast—and I went to work puttin down all my notions in writin, for I expected a ruff time, and a pretty sharp set of fellers to beat off—and thinks I, as it is the fashion now-a-days to read papers to the Cabinet, I'll give 'em one that will be worth readin, and I guess it will be the last one that the Senate will ask an official copy of in one while. It took nigh upon all night to write it out—and I sprung to it, for I think the time is come to let some folks see they hain't got a green-horn to outwit when they try me.

And so the Ginerol had 'em all up in the Cabinet Chamber yesterday; and such an overhawlin I never see. I sat all the while with one foot on the table, whitlin a piece of shingle—and the Gi-

neral was walking round among 'em, tellin about the troubles in mony all about the country, and askin how we are to git out of the scrape. I kept an eye on most all on 'em, and both ears on pretty much the hull on 'em; and such a winzin and tangle I never see since the day all Downingville cum over to the Jackson side, and that was jest arter his election. They thought I was detarmin'd the first go off to say nothin: and to rights I heard one chap jest behind me tell the Ginerall there was *one Major* in the Cabinet who made pretty much all the trouble, and that *he* was writin letters that went all the while agin the rest on 'em—and if it warn't for *him* they could make the people believe jest what they wanted—that it was *his* fault that the Cabinet was obliged to shift their ground about the Bank, and cross tracks every day. If it hadn't bin for *him* the deposits would have been removed, *because* there warn't no 'Safety Fund' in the Bank, and the people bin contented—and if it warn't for *him* the Goverment could now make the people believe that Biddle was the sole cause of there bein no money now-a-days, and so on. I jest stop'd whitlin a minit, and cut my eye over my left shoulder, and the feller dodg'd behind the Ginerall in a flash, and when I look'd round the ring I found pretty much the hull on 'em lookin at me, and there warn't a word said. And to rights the Ginerall he walked up to me, and stop'd right in front, and look'd me strait in the face: says he, 'Major, you have hearn what is said—and I should like to know what you have to say in reply—no man shall leave this room,' says the

General, 'till this trouble is cleared up. Major,' says the General (and his lips began to quiver, I tell you), 'Major,' says he, 'it would take a good many men to convince me that you ain't what I have always found you—*an honest man, and a true patriot*. Some folks about us have been whisperin in my ear for a long while that you ain't what I think you are—but, Major,' says the General, 'I am a soldier, and so are you—and we are now all face to face—no more whisperin,' says the General, and he fetched his hickory a whack on the floor, and look'd round the hull ring.—'The country is in trouble,' says he, 'and the time is come for every honest man to speak out—if there is error let it be corrected—if there is trick, we must expose it; and now, Major,' says the General, 'do you set still, and if any man has any thing to say agin you, let him speak out. When they are all dun, you can answer them;' and with that the General pull'd his own chair up to the other side of the table, and laid his hickory and hat down afore him, and all our folks began to nock noses in little groups here and there; and one on 'em, no matter who, was as busy as a lost dog on a trainin-day, smellin round from one to another to find the right man to speak first; but none on 'em seem'd to like it. The General all the while sat blinkin and lookin round at 'em all, and rumplin his face once and a while most plaguily.

So, to rights, this one on 'em came forward and bow'd, and says he, '*General*, that 'our sufferins is intolerable' there is little doubt; and the ques-

tion is, not *how* we got *into* our present condition, but how we can best *git out of it*. I believe, says he (turnin with a bow to everybody, for he is an amazing polite critter), '*that* is the true and only pint now for discussin.' 'Not exactly,' says I; 'but no matter.' 'Well,' says he, 'as regards the Major, far be it from me to make any charge agin him; he is decidedly the favourite of the people, and should be the favourite of every man in office who wishes to keep his office; but I would say that I wish the Major had a higher office. I wish he was an auditor of accounts—or receiver of public mony—or a minister abroad—or an Ingin agent, or any other office in the Government; but as he is now, there is no gittin hold of either end of him; we can't elevate him, which I sincerely desire—we can't put him down, which no man desires. There are things in all Governments, and in this in particular, that require cookin up before the people should be sarved with it; but the Major hands the dishes over to the people, raw and uncook'd, and lets every man dress his own dinner: this is not right. And then agin, he is an enemy to party, and thinks that politicians shouldn't meddle in mony matters, when we all know that none of us would now be here without party, and that *party* can't hold together without office, and that *office* ain't worth a fig without *mony*; and so it comes to this—we've got a party, and a good strong one; and that party must keep all the offices and the control of all the mony; for, without mony, the offices won't be good for nothin—and without offices the party will be all scattered.

look at my own state—see how things work there; and jest so they should here. We must have the Bank; we can't do anything without it. This one is good enuff if we could git Biddle and his friends out of it—but seein we have tried that and can't succeed, this must go down, and then we'll have a new one after our own fashion:—unfortunately, some will suffer—because this one must, I suppose, collect its debts and wind up: but what is the sufferins of a few in trade, compared to the breaking up of a *political party*, now all hitched together? Think of all of us goin back agin to practice law—and you, Mr. Auditor, to keepin a school—and you, Mr. Secretary, to keepin a shop—and you to ploughin—and you to plantin corn—and you to diggin potatoes—and you to printin newspapers. And you, Major,' says he, 'what would become of you?' I begun to crawl all over, and was jest goin to say somethin, but I thought I wouldn't till he got through; and he reeled it off for more than an hour pretty much in the same way about things in ginerel, and Major Downing in particular. And as soon as he stopt, I got up, and says I, 'Has anybody got nothin more to say?' No one said a word. Says I, 'Is all that is said put in writin? for then there will be no mistake—no turnin corners—no dodgin arterwards.' 'O, no,' says he, 'there is no necessity to put any thing in writin of this nature; that ain't my way,' says he. 'I have always said, I don't like to git into the newspapers.' 'Well,' says I, 'that's jest where we differ—what I'm goin to say now,' says I, 'is all in my pocket in black and white—and

with the General's permission,' says I, 'I'll read it to the members of the Cabinet, and then I'll git it printed, and then all on you can read it, and every man shall have a copy on't, except Clay and the rest of the Senate—for though the laws says they are part of the Government, they ain't got no business with any paper read to the Cabinet—ain't that law,' says I, 'General?' The General nodded his head, and that was enuff; and says he, 'Major, do you read that paper; I know you well enuff to know it will be an honest view of things, and I don't care whose toes you tread on. I have no interest in these matters further than to do my duty—if any fellers have misled me, I advice 'em to keep an eye on my hickory.'

And then I took out my papers from my pocket, and went at it; and I didn't mince matters, I tell you. The General sot restin his elbows on the table, with his chin in both hands, and lookin strait in my face the hull time, ony once in a while he would take his hickory and whack it on the table when any one muttered and whispered; and as soon as I got to the eend on't, then come a buz and a mixin, and the General got up and fetched another whack on the table with his hickory, enuff to loosen one's eye-teeth.

'Now,' says the General, 'I've hearn both sides, and the people will shortly hear it too. If they say the Major is right, I won't oppose them any longer; if they say the Major is wrong, then we'll go on as we now go: and now,' says he, 'Major, git that paper printed; and the only favour I ask of you is, not to send an official copy on't to the Se-

nate, if they ask one:' and with that I and the General bowed off the Cabinet, and the Majors and the rest of the Government: and we turned to reading letters from all quarters, all full of money troubles and distress, cauff to give one the colera morbus; for, as I said afore, one is jest about as bad as t'other.

I'll send you to-morrow, or next day, the paper I read to the Cabinet, and the rest of the Government, for you to print. It's too long for this letter, and you can ask Zekel Bigelow, if he hain't stopt payment, to pay you for the expens of printin on't, and tell him for me if his head is above water, it's more than can be said of most folks—and he'd better hold on all he's got, and ride out the storm if he can. His last letters to me say things are shockin bad in Wall-Street, but the worst there ain't as bad as things are away West and South; and they will be worse yet, if the people don't decide pretty soon, as the General says, whether I am right or wrong. For it's the people's business now, and the General is waitin for 'em.

Your Friend,
J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

LETTER XXIV.

The Major's View of the State of the Country and Money Concerns—Everybody's Concerns—History of the U. S. Bank—A Conestoga Wagon—Its Driver and Horses—Other Wagons—Their Men and Beasts—Steam Boats and Banks not different—Skunks and Politicians—Patriotic Appeal, especially addressed to Men with Wives and Children.

[Major Downing, in his letter of December 27th, after mentioning the fact of his having read his views on the subject of the Bank, and the Deposites, to the Cabinet, engaged to send a copy of the document to this paper for publication. A delay of some days occurred before we received it. This, we understand, was caused by a wish that the Cabinet might have an opportunity to re-examine the case, and a hope that they might unite in opinion on this thorny matter. Having waited some time for the accomplishment of this important object, the Major became convinced that the present Cabinet was far from being a 'Unit,' and considered it useless to wait any longer; and he therefore fulfilled his undertaking by sending us the document alluded to.]

OFFICIAL PAPER.

Read to the Cabinet, and Majors, Auditors, and Under-Secretaries, and Sub-Postmasters, and the rest of the Government, on 26th day of December, A. D. 1833—and printed for the use of all the citizens from Downingville to New Orleans, along the sea coast, and up the Mississippi, and Missouri, and so down the Lakes, and across by the Erie Canal to Albany, and along by the middle rout over New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Maryland, to Washington—and away again to all parts of creation, and to every body.;

INTERNAL POLITICAL ECONOMY OF THE COUNTRY, and
THE STATE OF THE BANK OF THE UNITED STATES.
 I have now to speak of the internal political economy of the country—of the state of the Bank of the United States, and of the state of the currency. I am going to say a few words about the internal political economy of the country, and then I am going to say a few words about the state of the Bank of the United States, and of the state of the currency. I am going to say a few words about the internal political economy of the country, and then I am going to say a few words about the state of the Bank of the United States, and of the state of the currency. I am going to say a few words about the internal political economy of the country, and then I am going to say a few words about the state of the Bank of the United States, and of the state of the currency.

We are now here, not only to fix our eyes upon the state of the country, but to see how it gets into the state it is in. I am going to say a little on both points. When a country smokes at the wrong end, with the wind at north-east, smoke fills every corner, fills every window and door to let the smoke out; but my notion is that the correct plan is to set into the corner east, and smoke it, so that the chimney will only smoke at the right end, let the wind blow any way.

Now there is a few things we must look into a little, and then we will know more about 'em, and I am going to examine—

What kind of creature the Bank of the United States really is;

Whether its nature is to do good or evil to the country; and then wind up with

Matters and things in general.

Twenty years ago the country was in trouble, and fill'd up with all kinds of Bank paper—nigh upon as bad as old Continental—and a good deal was a leetle worse. If any body ain't old enuff to remember that time, and wants to see what kind of mony I mean, let him go to the Treasury, and Mr. Taney can show him nigh a million and a half of dollars, not worth the cost of the paper and ink used every year in makin a report on't: but this is only a drop compar'd to what would be now there of the same kind of stuff if it hadn't been for the Bank of the United States. All our wise folks of that day said we must have a Bank of the United States, and a good big one—one strong enuff to do the work well, and to clear out all this trash, and so this Bank was made, and the first thing was, as there was a very little rale mony in the country, the Bank went and bo't a good jag on't in Europe, and went to work here clearin away jest as we do our fields in the spring.

It was a pretty dirty job to do so, I tell you, and the Bank didn't get through with it without scratchin, and smuttin its fingers pretty considerable; and that warn't the worst on't for the Bank. The Government made the Bank agree to pay fifteen hundred thousand dollars for the privilege of doing this work, and made it agree to take care of the people's mony in all parts of the country, and to pay it here and there wherever the Government told 'em to, and to pay all the pensions, and to do evry thing in the mony way without chargin any thing for it to the Government. This was a

pretty tuff bargain for the Bank—for all it got in return was, to have the keeping of the money; and when the Government didn't want it, the Bank might lend it out. It took a good many years afore the Bank got things to work smooth. It was like a whoppin' big wagon that wanted a good many horses to drag it, and as it had a valuable freight in it, it wanted none but the best kind of horses—rake Concessagos—and it warn't every one who knew how to drive such a team. The owners of this wagon found that out—for some of the first that they got came plaguy nigh oversetting it. So to rights they got Squire Biddle. I suppose they thought that seein that the folks in Pennsylvania have the best and strongest horses, and the biggest wagons, they ought to know best how to guide 'em. Well, they made a pretty good guess that time—for ever since they told the Squire to take the lines, they hain't lost a linch-pin or broke a strap—and there warn't no complaints made agin him by the folks on the road: on the contrary, all the other wagoners liked the Squire amazinly! He was always ready to give 'em a lift when he found them in the mud, and whenever they got short of provender, the Squire never refused to turn out some of his to keep their horses from sufferin'. Every thing was goin on better and better, and everybody said at home and abroad there warn't such a team in all creation. Well, about four years ago we begun to pick a quarrel with the Squire, and it's been goin on every year pretty much after this fashion. The first go off, some of our folks wanted the Squire

to change some of his leadin' horses—they said the breed warn't right—he ought to put on the lead some Albany trotters—that they were the best horses on the lead he could have. The Squire didn't like to change—he said the horses he had knew the road as well as he did, and they wouldn't bolt nor kick up, and when they came to up-hill work he could depend on 'em.

Then agin our folks wanted the Squire to change harness—they said they had new *patent collars*—and a horse could pull as much agin with 'em as with the old-fashion'd collars. Well, the Squire didn't like that notion nother. So to rights they told the Squire he must give up the lines—well, that he wouldn't do, he said, without orders from the owners of the team—they had appointed him, and so long as they kept him there, he would go along and do his duty, jest as he had done—and it warn't right to keep stoppin him every day on the road, and tryin to make him try new plans.

And with that, all our folks made a regular battle on the Squire—some took away out of his wagon a part of the bags and boxes, and divided it round among the drivers of other wagons, who was mixin in the scuffle too, and away they crack'd off with it. Some undertook to cut the Squire's traces; they thought they was only leather and rope traces; but the Squire was too deep for 'em, for his traces was all chains kivered with leather, and so they sp'ilt their jack-nives. Some went on ahead and rolled stones in the road, and dug deep holes, and tried all they could to make the Squire

went, and throw stones and mud at him and his horses; but the Squire kept on, his horses didn't flinch, and as they had dragged the big wagon over worse roads in their day, they went along without accident. Well, now it turns out that all the wagons that drove off so, with a part of the Squire's load, are in trouble, for the first piece of muddy road they all stuck fast, and there they are now—one wants the other to give him a pull and a lift; but they say they all want him—the Squire has just come up with 'em—and now they want him to hitch on to 'em and drag 'em all out together; but he says that's impossible, the best he can do is to take back the load they took from his wagon, and then perhaps they can get out of the mud; but it is more than his team can do, and he won't run the risk of breakin his harness or injurin his horses to drag 'em all out together. Well, now that's jist about the condition of things, and the longer they remain so the worse it will be—the longer horses and wagons stand knee and hub deep in mud, the less able they'll be to get out on't.

And now I'll leave 'em there a spell, and we'll take a look into the natur of the Bank, and what it raly is; for to hear some folks talk about it, one would think it was a most shockin monster, and that it was pretty much nothin else but Squire Biddle, when it is no more the Squire than that big wagon is, not a grain more. Look at this long list of names; well, these are the owners of the Bank; here we see, in the first place, the nation owns one-fifth, and the rest is scattered round, as

you see here, among an everlastin batch of folks all about this country, and some in forin countries; and I am glad to see on the list here old widows, and old men, and trustees of children, who hain't got no parents livin, and all our own people, they put their mony in the stock of this Bank for safe keepin—not to speculate—and jest so with the innocent foreigners; and the best on't is, they have paid our folks a pretty high premium for every dollar on't. Well, these are the folks, then, that compose the Bank. Now what way do they want this Bank managed? The business of the Bank is to loan mony, and is jest, for all the world, like any rich man whose business is to loan out his mony—is it his interest to dabble in politics, or to let politicians dabble with him? Not an attom on't. I never knew one of your rale politicians who ever could pay his debts; and they ain't the kind of folks people like to deal with, any way, who have got mony to loan—they know that talkin politics, and gittin things into snarls jest to answer party purposes, ain't the way to pay interest nor principal nother; and politicians in a Bank are the worst folks in the world for the owners of the Bank, for the most on 'em hain't got money of their own to lend, but they are plaguy ready to loan other folks' mony to brother politicians of the same party.

No, no, a man who has got his mony loan'd out (and it's jest so with a Bank) wants to see everybody busy and industrious, and mind their business, and increase their propperty, for then they will be able to pay interest and principal too;

they don't like to see things all mixed up with politics, and people quarrellin and disputin, and when they do they git their money back in their pockets sgin as soon as they can, for they know that politics ain't profitable business.

Then it comes to this, that if the Bank is what I have said it is (and its nothin else), it ain't such a monster as some folks try to make us think it is; and instead of bein a dangerous monster, I see, and I know everybody else must see, who don't squint at it, but looks it strait in the face—that its natur is just like the natur of any man who has got property in the country, and that is to have every thing go on in harmony, and with industry, and with honesty, and accordin to law—no jangles and tangles and talkin politics in porter-houses and bar-rooms, hurrain for this man, and pullin down that man—that kind of work don't clear up new lands nor plough up old ones, it don't keep the hammer goin, and the wheels turnin; and don't pay interest nor principal nother.

But some on you say the Bank has too much power, and that Squire Biddle might do a good deal of mischief if he would. Well, there is my old friend Capt. Elihu S. Bunker, of the steam-boat President, runnin twixt New-York and Providence—he's got about sich another monster—there is no tellin what a 'dangerous monopoly' of power that crittur's got in that 'ere boat. I was lookin into it when I came on with him a spell ago; and he was showin me how he managed it: If he was to fasten down the kivers of them two

mortal big copper kittles he has got in his boat, and blow his bellesses a spell, he would smash every thin for more than fifty acres round—Does any body want to know why he don't do it?—he has ben in a steamboat as long now as the Bank's ben goin, and hain't scalded nobody—but he can do it in a minit if he chuses—Well, I'll tell you why he don't—*it ain't his interest*, and he don't own no more of the boat than Squire Biddle does of the Bank—the owners of the boat employ him to manage it, because they know he understands his business. He knows if he didn't watch over their interest, they'd turn him out—and jest so the owners of the Bank would sarve Squire Biddle. And that ain't all, Capt. Bunker knows, if he hurts anybody with his boat, he'd run a chance of hurtin himself too—he knows, too, that it is the interest of his owners not to have any accidents aboard *any boat*—for if people get scalded in one steamboat, they keep clear of all on 'em—and tho' some folks think Banks ain't like steamboats, I can tell 'em that in the main thing they are exactly alike—for unless folks have got confidance in 'em, and feel safe in 'em, they ain't worth ownin—but when they all go on and meet no accidents, they are pritty good property—and the largest, and strongest, and cleanest, and quietest, and best managed, git the most business. Now I think that's enuf about dangerous monopolies for a spell.

Let us now see what the Bank is about, and what we've been about.

Deacon Goodenou has been in that Bank an ewe

of its directors, off and on, ever since it was a Bank, and I have heard him say fifty times (and he's a man to be depended on) he never heard a word about politics in it, till about four years ago—and it all came from our sending every year since that time some rale politicians to help the other twenty directors to manage the Bank:—the first go off, the Deacon says, they thought best to keep quiet, and make no stir about it; for it was pretty much like findin skunks in the cellar,—the best way was to let 'em alone, if they'd keep there, and run the chance of their going out, when they found there warn't no eggs to suck,—but when they undertook to cum up-chamber, and smell about in all the cubbords, it was time to snub 'em,—and then came trouble: and that's jest about the way now; and the Deacon says, and he's about right, that politicians in a Bank are jest as bad as skunks in the cellar,—there ain't one grain of difference.

Some on you say we don't want a Bank *now*: well, that may be so,—but when I got up this mornin it was plagy chilly till I got my coat on,—now I am warm, and it may be I don't need a coat,—but I think if I take my coat off, I'll feel chilly again,—and I am so certin of this, I won't make a trial on't.

Some on you say, the owners of this Bank hain't got no right to a recharter,—they have had it long enuf,—and it's time now to have a new shuffle and cut: well, that ain't my notion, and I'll tell you why,—tho' this Bank was chartered for twenty years, it had a good right to believe we would

renew its charter, if it behaved well and did its duty,—jest as a Congressman has a right to expect his constituents will send him to Congress agin if he behaves well,—and it's a good way to keep folks strait, and make 'em do their duty,—but if we are to nock this Bank down, and have a new shuffle and a new cut, then I say that them folks who make mony out of a rise of stock in the new Bank ought to pay the loss that all these old folks and young children will suffer by nocking down the old Bank,—to say nothin about the innocent foreigners who put their mony in this Bank, thinkin it was safe. And let me tell you another thing,—the longer a Bank stands, and the older it gits, the better folks abroad and at home like it,—people who have got money to lend don't like changes,—and particularly government changes. Would any on you like to lend folks money in South America? and do you think any of them Governments could make a Bank that folks would have any confidence in? I don't think they could, jest because they keep choppin and changin every year.

Will any on you say that it ain't a good thing for a country to make folks all about think it is a safe one to lend mony to? ain't good credit worth nothin?

Well, how does any man in trade git credit, and make folks think him safe to trust? Will he break up his stand every year, and change his business, and try new plans? I say that ain't the way; and no man ever prospered after that fashion;

but when he finds things go well with him, he hangs on; or else he hain't got no wit in him.

Now, my notion is that none on us alone can make folks all about creation think we are apt folks to trust. But all on us together can do so; and that is the reason a good big Bank can manage this for us. Folks abroad know the Bank, and the Bank know us; and so we can manage things through the Bank better than we can alone.

Some on you say it ain't right to pay interest to foreigners; that when we git money from foreigners they keep drainin us of interest. Well, that is all chalk and water. Now I know we have got an everlastin new country to clear up yet, and if an honest industrious man can git a few hundred dollars lent to him, he can go and buy a good many acres, and clear it up, and sell it to those very foreigners, who are all the while coming out here to settle among us, and they pay fifty times more for it than the land first cost: and so our folks go on borrowin, and can well afford to pay interest, and find themselves in a few years with money to lend too. And as long as this business goes on, I, for one, am willing to say to foreigners, as the Cape Cod fisherman says to the fish, when he gits on the hook, and is pullin him in,—‘So long as you hold on one eend, I will t’other.’ But folks abroad who have money to lend don’t know our folks who go on new land; and a good many on old land nother. But they know our Bank, and our Canals and Railroads, and we sell ’em the stock, and make ’em pay good premiums too;

and our folks can lend their money to our farmers. But if we go on, and nock down this Bank when its charter is out, and bring trouble on the country, foreigners will say, 'Aha! there's trouble there!'—back they come with their stock, and git their mony, and keep it; and all our prosperity is nock'd in the head! We chartered this Bank for twenty years, and so we do Canal Companies, and Railroad Companies; but did we mean, when the time was up, to nock 'em all up too, and say we don't want no Bank, nor a Canal, nor a Railroad? It ain't common honesty to say so; and I won't shuffle and cut with you after that fashion; for make what I might by a new shuffle, I would be asham'd to look one of these innocent foreigners in the face,—to say nothin of this long list of widows, and orphans, and trustees of estates, and old folks: many on 'em, when they bought the stock at a high premium, I suppose never thought about the charter, or how long it had to run, but trusted to the Government. And now if you can chizzle them out of their property, as you will by puttin down this Bank, jest to git a new shuffle and cut at a new one,—without turnin as red as a beet when you meet 'em, I for one say I can't, and I won't.

And now I'm 'most done—if I have trod on any one's toes, it ain't so much my fault as hisn; for I tread the strait line, and tread on toes that stick out beyond the line, and that's too often the case with folks now-a-days in office.

I've tell'd you now pretty much my notions; and I tell you for the last time you have made

but when he finds things go well with him, he hangs on; or else he hain't got no wit in him.

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—if I have trod on any
 such my fault as his: for
 and tread on the coast of
 line, and the Black River,
 no-days in the State of New York,
 now produced from ore
 in the cannot boast, like Messrs.

a mistake, and that's no disgrace to any man unless he tries to stick to it after he knows he has made it. If you don't know how to git the country out of the scrape you've got it in, the people will tell you pretty quick, or I ain't no hand at guessin. I have now done my duty—if the people don't do theirs it ain't my fault. If they say my notions are right, they'll act on 'em; if they say they are wrong, then things will go on as they now go, and I hope they won't git worse—but that I won't promise. If things come to the worst, I shall suffer as little as any on 'em, for I hain't got no wife and children to support (and I am sorry for those who have, if things are to go as they now go), I can cut my fodder pretty much anywhere.

But I love my country, ev'ry acre on't, and it goes agin my grain to see any part on't suffer. And I know all this sufferin comes from party politics—this same party politics that has driv all our wisest and best men out of office; and now to keep together, wants to git hold of the big wagon and all the mony in it.

My dander is up, and I had best stop now—for the more I think on't, and the more I write about it, the more wrathly I git. So no more at present,

From your fellow-citizen,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

[We have received a letter, which we publish with much satisfaction, from the north part of this State, and accompanying it, a fine specimen of domestic manufacture in the form of an axe, as a present to our highly esteemed and invaluable friend Major Downing. We take this mode of informing our distant correspondents of the safe arrival of their tribute to the Major's public worth, and conveying to them the assurance that it will be faithfully delivered to the person for whom it is designed. There is no such thing as calculating the extent of good which one patriotic and intelligent individual can accomplish, when he honestly devotes his time and talents to the advancement of the public welfare. The important truths and the sound political principles which Major Downing has given to his country, through the medium of this paper, have been more extensively circulated, and more generally read, than any other productions of modern times, not even excepting the *Waverley* novels. We presume the gentlemen who have acknowledged the great gratification they have received from the Major's letters adopted this particular mode of expressing their feelings, in consequence of the circumstance to which they allude, viz.—the presentation through this office of a dozen of the same kind of article last year to the President of the United States.—*Eds.*]

To Theodore Dwight, Esq., of the N. Y. Daily Advertiser.

DEAR SIR,—In the thriving village of Carthage (not the Carthage of Queen Dido on the coast of Africa), but on the north bank of the Black River, in the County of Jefferson, and State of New York, we have an *Axe Factory*, manufactured from ore on the spot. Though we cannot boast, like *Messrs.*

Collins, Harrison, and Co., that every minute of the day adds me to the number of our well-finished axes, still we really make every day our cool den, which is General Rial said of the grand scenery of the Highlands, we think is 'pretty well for a new country.' And we also think that our axe, though not as numerous, will in point of quality bear a comparison with theirs.

Now while these rich and skilful mechanics present a full dozen of their axes strongly packed in a highly-polished hickory-box to the 'Greatest and Best'—while Pomeroy puts his razor-strops, by presenting a sample to the great rejected, and Peter Bissell approaches our ineffably venerable President with his offering of a churn, so simple, so plain, so destitute of gearing, and so like his own counterpart of a perfect government, that the 'Hero of two wars' 'snickers right out' as he turns the crank; we too draw near with our offering. It is a single axe, and is intended as a small token of our regard for one who, as a statesman, a patriot, a soldier, yields to no one.

You will of course perceive that we can mean no other than Major Downing, of Downingville—the bed-fellow and privy counsellor of 'him that was born to command' the Kitchen Cabinet. And we can assure the Major that this axe has more than one of the requisite qualifications for a President. Its helve is of hickory—in Kentucky parlance, 'is as savage as a meat-axe,' and of course can look on blood and carnage with composure.

We confidently hope that the gallant Major will accept of this trifle as a token of the high estima-

tion in which he is holden ; and, encouraged by applause, go on as he has begun, subtracting every superfluous wheel from the government till it is reduced to a machine simple as a top, and direct and energetic as a guillotine.

We intrust this present to you, Mr. Editor, certain that through no other channel it would reach the companion of the ' Hero' so soon.

We are, respectfully,

Your obedient Servants,

STARKS AND CO.

Carthage, December 27, 1833.

[We publish to-day Major Downing's letter acknowledging the receipt of the AXE from Messrs. Starks & Co., which was noticed some time since in our paper. The effect produced upon the company in the President's Chamber, when the Major made his appearance at the door with that implement of husbandry upon his shoulder, shows that either his prowess is well established at head-quarters, or that conscious guilt makes men cowards without any real cause of fear. On any other ground it is difficult to account for the sudden retreat from the "presence-chamber" of their master, upon the mere appearance of the Downingville hero, with such a peaceable and harmless instrument in his hand as an axe.

The mistake which the President fell into respecting the identity of the worthy principal of the Carthage manufactory in the first place, and the Government Bank Director in the second, is not to be wondered at. Old Gen. Starks generally made a good deal of scampering whenever he appeared with a weapon in his hand; and the Government Bank Director, like his renowned name-sake of London (the Philadelphia of England), has rode a strange tilt lately, and appears to have "lost both hat and wig" in his career. Probably the hero would have been led into another more classical mistake than those just mentioned, if Messrs. Starks & Co. had not fortunately given in their letter a geographical caution against such an error, by an express declaration that the Carthage where they make axes is not the city built upon the coast of Africa by Dido, but a modern village upon the Black River, in this State. The exact position of it may probably be found in Spafford's Gazetteer. If any doubt shall remain, after the foregoing explanation, upon Dr. Jackson's mind, respecting the identity of the manufacturer of axes, and the hero of Bennington, we take the liberty to refer him for further information, on this or any other subject, to the Honourable Mr. Senator

Hill, from New Hampshire—the State that claims the honour of having given birth to General Starks.—*Eds.*]

LETTER XXV.

Exhibition of Messrs. Starks & Co.'s Axe at the Cabinet Chamber—Sudden Dissolution of the Assembly—Conscience has something to do with it—Gratitude of an old Roman towards a New Carthaginian.

To my Old Friend, Mr. Dwight, of the N. Y. Daily Advertiser.

Washington, 10th January, 1834.

THE pill I give the Cabinet, and the rest of the Government here, on the 26th of last month, is jest beginnin to operate, and I don't think some on 'em will want any more fisik for a good spell to come. Some of our folks make plaguy ugly faces at me, but I tell 'em that's a sure sign they wanted fisik; and they'll all feel better to-rights. It was well I stop'd jest where I did in that Cabinet paper, for my dander was jest liftin, and if I had gone on only ten minits longer, I'd hit some on 'em so hard they wouldn't swell.

But that ain't what I want to write to you about now. I want to thank them folks up in Carthage, in York State, for the axe they made for me, and which they sent to you to send to me. I have jest got it, and it has tickled me eny most to death. I never got such a present afore in my born days. I started right up-chamber with it to the Gineral, and bolted strait into the Cabinet-room with my axe on my shoulder—the Gineral was there with pretty much all our folks, overhaulin the Post-Office accounts, and tryin to git them strait, which

is a plaguy tuff job—but no matter—in I smash'd, but afore I could git out one word, I never see such a scamperin. I turned to head some on 'em, just to tell 'em what I was arter; but it seemed the more I tried, the more they tried to streak it, and in less than one minit there warn't a livin crittur left but I and the Ginerál; and the Ginerál somehow had got a notion in his head, and would have gone too, if there warn't rule plunk in him. He was standin up with his back agin the mantel-tree, and his hickory in his hand, and look'd for all the world as tho' he was juxterpectin a fight. 'Why,' says I, 'Ginerál, what on earth is all this scamperin for?' 'Well,' says he, 'Major, I reckon you can tell better than I can. And with that, he blink'd at me most plaguy—and says he, 'Major, what is the news now?' 'Why,' says I, 'there ain't nothin new but this 'ere ax, and I brought it to show you; it's a present to me,' says I, 'from Starks and Co., away up in York States, on the Black River.' The Ginerál changed face in a minit, and it was jest like the sun risin. He step'd up to me and took the ax, and walk'd to his chair and sat down, and throw'd his head back, and haw-haw'd right out. (It does me good in these times to see the Ginerál tickled at any thing.) As soon as the Ginerál could say any thing, says he, 'Major, call back Tany, and Barry, and Amos, and haw-haw-haw,' says the Ginerál: and jest then I got the notion why they all scampered off so; and I sot down right in front of the Ginerál, and we haw-haw'd, I tell you, for more than half an hour. And so to rights

we got talkin agin, and the Ginerall he wiped his eyes, and blew his nose, jest for all the world as tho' he had been cryin; and says he, 'Major, it ain't strange they was a leetle afeard of you; for, do you know, jest as you come in, some on 'em was sayin about the plagy Post-Office accounts—if they didn't git 'em strait pretty soon, you would git at 'em and chop 'em all up into mince-meat; and jest then, sure enuff, in you come,' and then, 'haw-haw-haw,' says the Ginerall, agin. 'Well,' says he, 'Major, I'm glad that people about are beginnin to look at you pretty much as I do. I knew,' says he, 'the time would come when they would say I knew what was what when I got you to be with me; and now,' says he, 'Major, let's look at this ax,'—and the Ginerall he rubbed his specs.—'Well,' says he, 'this is a splitter, ain't it?—why,' says he, 'if a man only got lathered he could shave himself without a barber; for this ax is as bright as a lookin-glass, and sharp as a razor; and here is the maker's name too—"Starks and Co., Carthage, New-York." I do wonder now,' says the Ginerall, 'if that ain't the same Stark who lick'd the British at Bennington a spell ago?' 'I ain't certin,' says I. 'Well, nor I nother,' says the Ginerall; 'for do you know, Major, I have been in so many wars myself, that I sometimes mix 'em up, and I have now got so much to attend to here, that I am bother'd about names, and places, and times most plagily. Now there is our little Distriet Attorney; our folks tell'd me, when I appointed him a Bank Director that he was jest the kind of man we wanted "to ride Biddle, and upset him;"

and when they tell'd of "nif'n, upstartin," and mentioned his name, I got a notion in my head that I can't git yet, that he may be the same man I've heard tell on, who took a ride once, and then wrote a long account on't in poetry." "Well," says I, "I'm not certin of that neither; but I've got a notion the man you mean was John Gilpin." "That's the same man, ain't it?" says the General. "No," says I, "I guess it ain't, for he lived in London." "O, that makes no odds," says the General, "for they used to call Philadelphia the London of America." "Well," says I, "then it must be the same—and if he's got on the Squire to-ride him, I guess it will turn out pretty much like another ride; for," says I, "the Squire is a pretty good horse for a tight pull; but I don't think he'll stand easy under a saddle—it ain't the tater of that 'ere breed."

"Well, Major," says the General, "we must thank them folks for the ax anyhow, and as soon as the Senate pass upon that Message we sent 'em tother day, about the Lion and other presents, you can have the ax." "Very well," says I, "General; and if Congress don't pass upon something else," says I, "so as to git things a leetle better in the mony way, I'll want that ax, for we shall all come to choppin agin for a livin'."

I want you to send a printed copy of this letter to the makers of that ax, and when you git all my letters to you printed in a book, send 'em one of the books, with my thanks for the ax.

Your Friend,

J. DOWNING, Major,

Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

[We publish this morning, as was promised in our paper yesterday, another letter from Major Downing. The principal subject of it is one of great interest to the country at large. The concerns of the General Post-Office appear before the public in a most unfavourable light; and it is perfectly natural that the President, 'whose duty it is to see the laws faithfully executed,' should feel a good deal of anxiety to shield one of his deficient servants. The Major's suggestions respecting the advantages of the course pursued by the Postmaster-General in keeping back the knowledge of his official transactions from Congress are ingenious, and probably furnish the most satisfactory vindication of that officer that can be—certainly that has been given. And the mode of pleading what the lawyers call a set-off, in adjusting the accounts between the losses of the Post Office, and the credits of the executive, though they may not be allowed by the Committee of Claims, will be freely admitted by every person who holds to the present or the next administration for the rewards due to pure, disinterested, uncorrupted patriotism.]

LETTER XXVI.

Defalcations in the Post-Office—The Major's method of letting off his own Steam—The magic Specks screwed to a plain sight—The General takes a look at things as they really are—His Steam up in consequence—The Major's notion of the real object of removing the Deposites from the U. S. Bank—The adjustment of accounts by charging deficiencies to account of 'glory and reform.'

To my old friend Mr. Dwight, of the N. Y. Daily Advertiser.

Washington, Jan. 16th, 1834.

You remember I tell'd you a spell ago, that after we got the message done, we was obliged to

take it all to bits, and knock out a good thing about the accounts, and run the Congress skip 'em over; and I told 'em that I would to rights git the General and git 'em a twist round to a plain sight, and take a look at things jest as they be, a bit of 'playin'' about 'em. Well, among accounts we had got in the Message was Post-Office accounts. I didn't like the look a bit at the time, but as everybody said was playin' scarce everywhere, the General it was natural enuf to find it pretty scarce Post-Office too. 'Now,' says I, 'Gine notion is that we best let Major Barry own story about it; for as he has done in reformin' things, and as we have got pretty good majority in Congress, he may of the scrape.' Well, the General thought was about the best way; and Major Barry his report, and told a pretty considerable story about his havin' found an error Post-Office accounts, that had been over ever since General Washington's time. I to think for a spell that would stump Congress about as much as tho' there had been a fire Post-Office, pretty much like that one Treasury last spring. But, somehow or some of the playin' Senators have been round, and got on a track that led 'em right the fact, that the Post-Office is head and over in debt; and that it has been borrowin' for over two years now, and never said on't to Congress. And I am peckily afraid

seein the Law says none of our folks shall borrow money without consent of Congress (and which, upon the hull is a pretty safe law, for Congress couldn't tell otherwise how the money was goin) —I am, I say, peskily afeard we can't git the Post-Office folks out of this scrape without reformin some on 'em out of office. But as they are all our best friends, and have done more for glory and reform than most folks, we shall let some on 'em resign, and then apint 'em to some office abroad, or git 'em into some place where they can git a livin without working for it; for the Ginerall won't let any on 'em suffer no way.

When the Ginerall come to hear what the Senate was arter, says he, 'Major, will them accounts of the Post-Office stand the racket, or not?' 'Why,' says I, 'Ginerall, its hard tellin: but, as nigh as I can kalklate,' says I, 'I guess they won't in the way Congress settles accounts—things look plagy crooked,' says I; 'and the worst on't is, them accounts have been so twisted, first one way, and then agin another way, that I am afeard now they won't stand twistin any more. The only way,' says I, 'is to straiten 'em, and that's all I can do about 'em. But,' says I, 'if they break to bits in straitenin on 'em, I cant help it.' 'Well,' says he, 'Major, I wish you'd try it; for,' says the Ginerall, 'if we can't keep Barry up, there is no tellin what will become of us; for it seems to me, ever since Mr. Van Buren got the Post-Office Department into the Cabinet, we have been able to do more in 'rewardin our friends, and punishin our enemies,' than in all the rest of the depart-

ments put together.' 'Well,' says I, 'Gineral I'll try it,' says I; and so the Gineral went to bed and I got my slate, and I got all the Post-Office accounts from the time Judge M'Lean left the office and Major Barry came into it. It took a good spell to git 'em all strung out in regul order; and jest as I was beginnin to sifer up, the Gineral he riz up in bed, and says he, 'Major, reckon I can help you along.' 'Well,' says 'Gineral, I want all the help you can give me.' 'I'm thinkin,' says he, 'you best say that it's owing to Biddle; that he is crampin all the peep he can, and that he makes money so scarce, fell can't pay postage; and that if we had not tak the deposits away from him things would be twi as bad now.' 'Well,' says I, 'Gineral, that is good notion, and I'll see to-rights how it will wor among figers.' 'I thought I'd jest tell you, Major says the Gineral, 'afore I forgot it, for the notis jest struck me as I was going to sleep;' and so the Gineral laid down, and I went to siferin agin.

It was most daylight afore I got through; and finished off with the sums Major Barry says I has been borrowin, and left a blank to put in the amount he says the Post-Office has overdrawn the Banks where the postages are kept; for as I don't know yet what that amount is, I can't tell myself; though I suppose I could, upon a pint make nigh upon as good a guess at it as he could or any one else. But I thought I wouldn't guess at nothin. I never guess when I get hold of my slate—I sifer on one side, and then chalk down the sum on tother—so there can't be no mistal

When I come to figer up the hull amount the Post-Office has gone astarn since Judge M'Lean left it, I begun to bile up like one of old Capt. Bunker's steam kittles; and I was glad the Ginerol was snorin, for I don't like to let people see me when my steam is up; but if I don't do somethin, I suppose I should blow up jest like a steamboat on the Massissippi—and so I got my ax, and down stairs I went with a light to the wood-house, and split up more than three cord and a half of hickory afore I got in a good temper, and afore I thought it was safe to go to bed; and then I went to bed, and slept like a top till break-fast time.

The next mornin, when the Ginerol came into the Cabinet-room—'Well,' says he, 'Major, did you finish them plagy accounts?' 'Yes,' says I, 'Ginerol, I did, and split up wood enough to last us a month in the bargain.' And I jest tell'd the Ginerol a little about it to prepare him. 'Now,' says I, 'Ginerol, let me have your specs,' says I, 'a minit'—and I took 'em to the window, and give the screws a twist, and tried 'em; and seein everything look'd natural, I handed 'em to the Ginerol, and then he and I took the slate, and went over the figers—both on us standing up by the table side by side. 'First,' says I, 'there is the printin account and stationary of the Post-Office, when Mr. Adams was President; and here is the account since we've been in—here is the amount of contracts for one spell, and there is the amount for another—here is the number of offices and clarks for one spell, and there is the

number for another—and here is the cost of w
and salaries of the Post-office when Mr. Ad
was President; and here is the cost sinst
time—plagy deal of difference, General,’ say
‘ain’t it?’ The General he didn’t say nothin
kept his eyes on the slate, and his mouth
upon wide open; only once in a while he’d
late on his fingers a spell. ‘And now,’ say
‘there is a sum Judge M’Lean left in the
Office when he went out on’t; and there,’ say
‘is the sum that is now wantin in the
Office, to make things square there, to say
of the sum Major Barry says the Post-Office
overdrawn from the Banks—and as he don’t
what the amount is, I don’t nother; and I
care about guessin at it; for it’s bad enuf with
guessin.’ The General put his eye on the
line of figers (it was hard upon a million of dol
agin the office), and look’d and blink’d, and he
to close his mouth up slowly, jest for all the w
like shutting up a safety valve; and he began
swell, and breathe plagy hard. I see the st
was gittin up. The General he look’d at me; I
I look’d at him; and then we both look’d at
slate agin. Bime-by the General he opened
valve, and let off the steam, and such a whis
you never heard in your born days. He took
slate, and was jest a goin to smash it into a th
sand atoms; but I got it afore it struck the fl
He then got his hickory, and thrash’d round a s
with that. But that didn’t do no good. So s
he, to-rights, ‘Major, what is to be done about
‘Why,’ says I, ‘General, I don’t see nothin el

says I, 'but to take my ax, and do as I did last night—there is a good deal of hickory wants splittin in the wood-house yet.' And with that I handed the Ginerall my ax, and he slatted about the chamber with it for a spell; and if any of our folks had come in then, I guess they'd found more to fear than when I frightened 'em so a few days ago.

I never know'd the Ginerall blow off steam so long as he did this time; and I was peskily afear'd the boiler would burst arter all. And so I went to work puttin out the fire; and the only way was to get the specs and screw 'em back to 'glory' agin; and as soon as I did that, we got our pipes, and sot down and talk'd over the matter.

'Now,' says I, 'Ginerall, though this is a bad business, it ain't so bad as it first looks. In the first place,' says I, 'if Major Barry had borrow'd the mony of Squire Biddle, Congress would have known it two years ago, and the Post-office reports wouldn't a ben as slick as they have been; and we'd a had more trouble to git so many of our folks in, last election. And then, agin, by borrowin the mony of other banks, on interest, it made them banks the keener to get hold of the deposits; for if Congress wouldn't pass a law to pay the mony borrow'd by our folks, to make their accounts look square, why the deposit banks could pay themselves; and now by gettin our mony away from Squire Biddle, who was bound by law to make a regular report to Congress of ev'ry thing, and puttin it in other banks, our folks can square off a good many accounts, and Congress won't know nothin ou't; for it will take a pretty

spry siferer to figer out all the accounts with so many new deposit banks; for we've got 'em now pretty well mix'd up with what the Treasury calls *contingent drafts*, and *transfer checks*, and *Treasury warrants*; and Zekel Bigelow says he could, in three days, with the power the Goverment has got now, *warrant*, and *transfer*, and *contingent* away, between so many pockets, nigh upon the hull of the deposits, and nobody could never find nothin about it.'

'And then, agin,' says I, 'here is another thing—the people wanted *Glory*, and they wanted *Reform*, and they have had both now over five years; and if they expected it warn't a goin to cost nothin, they was mistaken. And that ain't all—there was that plaguy "*surplus mony*" business: ev'rybody said a spell ago if somethin warn't done about it, the country would all go to smash. Well, now,' says I, 'we are gettin out of that scrape as slick as a whistle.'

The Ginerl he began to brighten up—'Why,' says he, 'Major, we've been in a pashin then about nothin. I remember now I tell'd the folks in my Message a spell ago, that the safest place for the surplus mony was in the pockets of the people; and I believe *that* sayin alone brought over more than one State to our side; and if our people git the mony, it's all right, ain't it, Major?' 'Yes,' says I; 'only some folks, I suppose, will set up a squeelin, jest like the pigs when they come in a leetle too late for their corn; and say, altho' they don't belong to our party, they've got jest as good a right to a share as we have.' 'Well,' says

the Ginerl, 'there they are mistaken; for Governor Massey said (and that made him Governor too), that the corn all belonged to the pigs that got into the pen afore the gate was shut. But, Major,' says the Ginerl, 'I am a leetle puzzled yet to know what account to charge that Post-Office debt to. If we can only git that right, and save Barry, I shall sleep sound to-night.' 'Well,' says I, 'Ginerl, there is only one account that will stand that charge, and a good many more too; for as we go along, and Congress gits to siftin things, I suppose they'll find out somethin more. In the first place,' says I, 'that fire in the Treasury last spring did a good deal towards settlin off a good many land accounts, and other accounts. If we don't have no more fires, or other accounts, and Congress presses us, we'll give them a lead through the new deposit banks a spell, as I have jest bin tellin; and if they follow us up through that track, for some of these fellows have got good noses, then we'll fetch up the only account I know of, and that account, as I said afore, will stand a good many charges yet.' 'Well, what is that account, Major?' says the Ginerl—and he got up and looked at me. 'Last week,' says I, 'Ginerl, was the 8th January. Now,' says I, 'ain't that worth a little more than the 4th July?' The Ginerl gin a nod. 'Well then,' says I, 'there is 'Glory;' ain't that worth somethin?' The Ginerl gin another nod. 'And there is 'Reform;' ain't that worth somethin?' The Ginerl noded agin. 'Well now,' says I, 'put all that together, and if that don't make a sum of debt due to you,' says I, 'that will

balance a good many accounts, I'm mistaken. *New-Orleans, Glory, and Reform,*' says I, 'debtor to the General.' 'That's enuff,' says the General. And so that was the end of the Post-Office accounts.

From your Friend,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

[By the following letter, which we received yesterday, it appears that we were correct in the opinion we expressed, respecting the rumour that our friend Major Downing had been under the necessity of leaving the "White House" at Washington. The truth of our suggestion is now placed beyond a doubt, as this letter abundantly proves. The Major not only remains in his former station, but obviously maintains the full degree of influence which he has heretofore exercised over the proceedings and policy of "The Government." That attempts should be made by the Kitchen Cabinet, to thwart him in his disinterested efforts to promote the public welfare, and to frustrate the machinations of artful, designing, and unprincipled men, is not to be wondered at. But it is very fortunate that our friend sees through their plots, and has independence to oppose them face to face, even in the "presence-chamber."—*Eds.*]

LETTER XXVII.

The General tickled by the New York and New Jersey Legislatures—The Charge of Bank Bribery hits the wrong Side—An Indian Fashion recommended—An Experiment at heating one Boiler at a time—State of the Country—the Nub of the Business—Heterodoxy is not my Doxy—A Game, Necromancy or Financy; or Van Buren Cups and Balls—Transfer Checks, Contingent Drafts, and Hocus Pocus—The General at bay—The Pack driven off by the Major's Whip—Scene closes with the Safety Valve open.

To my Old Friend, Mr. Dwight, of the N. Y. Daily Advertiser.

Washington, 25th January, 1834.

EVER since I and the General settled the Post-Office accounts, as I tell'd you in my last, by

though he meant that Major Bury is not to "show out" before the General has his money; that is, that I am afraid other folk are equally sure of the opposition side is Congress; they have another round—and when we are got up another revolution, there will be trouble, not any about the Post-Office business, nor about other business of the Department.

Congress have business away yet about the Deposits, and the General was just going to get up when we got the news from Albany of the vote of the Legislature there in favor of the State not taking away the Deposits from the U. S. Bank, and the vote of the New Jersey Legislature not doing more to that same other Legislature we'd in the same. The General was mainly excited, and says to me, "Major, I reckon your notion that the people won't wish us on that point is a mistake; and now," says the General, "I'll hurry on and hurry the Deposits, and Biddle may think for 'em." "Well," says I, "General, we'll see, and as I said afore, if the people don't tell their Legislatures another story, and Congress too, afore we are a month older, then," says I, "I know nothing on 'em." "Very well Major," says the General, "we'll see." And jest then in come Ames and the Globe man, and some more of our folks, and lookin pretty streaked too, and I got a notion right off there was somethin stirrin; and so they began to tell the General that Biddle was to work bribe all the people he could to sign petitions to Congress, askin to put back in the Bank all the Deposits agin, and to re-charter the

Bank. 'Why,' says the Ginerl, 'ain't that too bad, Major—we must give the Bank,' says he, 'that Latin pill, there's nothin will stop 'em but that skiry factus' (or some sich name, the Ginerl calls it). 'Now,' says I, 'Ginerl, stop a bit,' says I; 'there is one thing puzzles me considerable about this bribin business—I should like to know who they be who are takin bribes—it ain't in the natur of things,' says I, 'for Squire Biddle to bribe the friends of the Bank, for that would be useless—then,' says I, 'it must be that he is bribing the enemies of the Bank, and that's our party. Now,' says I, 'will you set by and hear folks say, that our party is sich a scabby set of fellows as to take bribes—if you do,' says I, 'I won't,' and with that I riz up, but afore I could git round the corner of the table, I and the Ginerl was alone agin. I sot down and said nothin—I gritted my teeth a spell, but that didn't do much good—I took my knife and whittled the table, but that warn't much better, and the only way to rights that put me in a good temper agin, was to whistle more than forty varses of Yankee Doodle, for I didn't like to say a word to the Ginerl whilst I was in a pashin. The Ginerl was all the while walkin up and down the room—so as soon as I got through the whistlin, says I, 'Ginerl, I guess we best say nothin about bribin,' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'Major, I reckon you are right—for the notion never struck me afore that that kinder talk hits right upon the heads of our friends, for they are the only ones that need bribin.' 'Now,' says I, 'Gin-

well, best for you and I sit down and talk over our business, and I'll tell you like a true friend, how he has come to mind, and if it don't turn out as well as I'll give you my ax, and throw a lot of feathers in the bargain; and so the bargain is set down and I went at it.

"If we get drunk," says I, "if I git in a wash, you must keep sober—and if you git in a wash, I'll keep sober; but if we both git in a wash, then there's no tellin'." "Well," says the Yankee, "that's a good notion, Major, for that's the way the Indians do, and they learn wisdom from each other—you never see an Indian and his squaw get drunk together. When one gets drunk, the other keeps sober, and so they take turns and stay sober." "Well," says I, "I never heard that before, but I suppose, tho', they git along better when one is and one sober." "Oh yes," says the Yankee, "in war time that is best, but not in peacetime." "Well," says I, "that's no matter, that ain't exactly what I'm arter, but I've got a notion, but only which I'll begin with: Some years ago the Yankees got drunk, and got up a kinder nullification—there warn't much in it arter all, according to my old friend Dwight's book, but folks South thought there was, and so they kept sober—and last year the South got drunk, and then all North kept sober, and that folk is ended. Now," says I, "North, and South, and East, and West are all sober, and all shakin hands, and they say we have been takin a drop too much—there ain't no nullification nowhere in particular, but it's all nullification all about us,

and all hands are formin a ring and closin in upon us here, pretty much like a wolf hunt—they all say we have taken the money that belongs to the people, and the people won't be content till we give it up—that's pretty much the *nub* of the business—and we shall have petitions and memorials from all quarters tumblin in upon us, and if we don't mind them they will be follow'd by hard knocks, jest like the story in the old spellin books about the old man drivin the boys from his apple-tree—he throw'd grass first, and that doin no good, he tried stones, and that brought them down pritty quick.'

The Ginerall he begun to git in a pashin—and says he, 'Major, I'm gittin mad.' 'Very well,' says I, 'Ginerall, I'll keep cool accordin to agreement.' And with that the Ginerall slatted round a spell with his hickory, and talked about New-Orleans, and Siminoli, and the Grand Tower, and I sat whittlin all the while. 'Why, Major,' says the Ginerall, 'I'll never give up the Deposits in the world.' 'What,' says I, 'not if the people say we was wrong in takin 'em? Suppose the people say the Laws are agin us, what then?' 'Well,' says the Ginerall, 'I've tell'd 'em that the Laws are only jest as I understand 'em, and nothin else.' 'Now,' says I, 'Ginerall, suppose Clay, or Calhoun, or Webster was in your office and said jest so—and you was in Congress, or was one of the people, and didn't agree with 'em, how then?' says I. 'Oh,' says the Ginerall, 'that's a very different thing—any of them fellows would be dangerous to trust with any kind of power.'

‘Well,’ says I, ‘my notion is, however, that the law don’t mean to trust nobody—and as I am peskily afeard one or t’other on ’em will git in here arter we go to the Hermitage—I don’t want to have any thing done now by us that they will do, and then tell us they only do what we did. That’s the only thing that puzzles me—for,’ says I, ‘General, sars for the goose ought to be sars for the rander too.’

‘Well,’ says the Ginerall, ‘there is somethin in that, Major—but’ says he, ‘I can’t give up the Deposits anyhow—Amos says we must hold on to ’em, and all our folks say so too.’ ‘Yea,’ says I, ‘General, it’s true enuff, the hounds have got the scag down, and got a taste on him afore the hunters come up—and I suppose there will be leetle left but the horns and trotters: but,’ says I, ‘it ain’t right, and the people will tell us so, you may depend—and all I have to say is, if what we have done is to be the rule herearter, I don’t know but I should like to be President myself—for folks might make Laws, and all I’d have to do would be jest to understand ’em accordin to my notion.’

‘I don’t see, Major,’ says the Ginerall, ‘how it is you git sich odd notions about public sentiment. I know I can’t be mistaken, for every letter I have time to read tells me I am right; and I read the Globe from one eend to t’other every day, and that paper tells every thing, and I see nothin there that tells me I am rong.’ ‘Well,’ says I, ‘Ginerall, you know you hain’t got time to read more than one letter in a hundred that comes.’ ‘That’s true enuff,’ says the Ginerall; ‘but then our folks do,

and they tell me every thing.' 'Tell you every thing?' says I,—'but no matter'—and so I whistled Yankee Doodle a spell. 'No, no, Major,' says the General, 'the opposition folks throw dust in your eyes; you don't see things as clear as the rest of our folks about us.' I jest was goin to speak, but findin my dander was liftin, I had to go to whistlin agin, and it took me nigh upon 15 minits to git right; and I expected every minit I would have to git my ax and split hickory a spell in the bargain. 'Now,' says I, 'Gineral, you are the ony man on earth I'd look at a minit, and let him say so to me. I got dust in my eyes?' says I. 'I not know what is goin on in doors and out of doors? why,' says I, 'how you talk!' 'Now,' says I, 'you jest set still a minit, and I'll show you somethin,' says I, 'worth lookin into'—and I went into a room where Mr. Van Buren and Amos, and some more of our folks git together every once in a while, to manage and talk over matters, and I've seen so much of the games play'd there, and bein naturally curious in most matters, I can play some on 'em nigh upon as slick as Mr. Van Buren himself—but he is a master-hand at it. The game they had been playin most at latterly was about managin the public money among the new Deposit Banks, and showin how to use the '*transfer checks*' and '*contingent drafts*,' so as to puzzle folks in time and need. It was done with a parcel of cups and balls, and little strips of paper—and did tickle me amazinly; and for a spell puzzled me too—and so I thought I'd jest show the Gineral, and

see if it wouldn't tickle him and puzzle him too. And I thought I'd let the Ginerol see if there warn't a leetle dust in his eyes too. And so I brought in a hull arm full of this machinery. And as soon as the Ginerol saw me, 'Why,' says he, 'Major, what on earth have you got there?' 'Why,' says I, 'it's a trifle, and I'll tell you all about it to rights.' And so I placed the cups bottom up, all along in a row on the table, and then I gin the Ginerol a hand full of small balls. 'Now,' says I, 'I'm goin to show you about as cute a thing as you've seen in many a day; them cups they call banks, and them balls is the money we took from Squire Biddle's Bank; the next thing is to show you how things are goin to work, now that we've got our money from one pocket, where we always know'd where to find it, and divided it round among twenty pockets, where may-be you may or may-be you may not find nothin at all on't—and here,' says I, 'are some leetle pieces of paper that our folks make use on to throw dust with—now,' says I, 'Ginerol, look sharp, or you're gone, hook and line,' says I. 'It's a plaguy cunnin game, and I don't know sartin that I can play it as well as Mr. Van Buren and Amos and some more of them 'ere folks, and especially the Treasury folks, for they have been at it now, off and on, ever since I've been here—and Mr. Van Buren tell'd 'em unless they could play *this game* well, there was no use in takin away the deposits. Now,' says I, 'Ginerol, I'll begin—you are sartin,' says I, 'there is a ball under ev'ry cup'—'O yea,' says the Ginerol, 'for

I jest put 'em there ;' and then I began slidin the cups by each other, and mixin on 'em, and kept talkin about Glory and Reform, and the 8th January, and the Proclamation, and Veto, and Nullification, and some folks bein like old Romans born to command, and others to obey, and so on : and jest as the Ginerall took his eye off the cups and look'd at me, and was goin to say somethin, I slap'd some cups together, and call'd out, 'Hocus-pocus, alicam pain, presto, e pluribus unum, sine qua non, skiry factious,' says I—'there,' says I, 'Ginerall, that's the eend on't.' 'Well,' says the Ginerall, 'I don't see much in that, Major.' 'Didn't you say?' says I : 'then so much the better for the game. I suppose, then,' says I, 'you think the balls are under the cups jest as you put them.' 'To be sure I do,' says the Ginerall ; 'I suspected what you was after, Major, and I kept my eye on the cups, and no balls could ever get from under 'em without my seein 'em. I'd stake my life on't,' says the Ginerall ; 'and what's more, I'll stake the fastest horse in my stable, that every one of the cups has got a ball under 'em.' Well,' says I, 'Ginerall, it wouldn't be fair bettin ; and so do you go to work and look.' And the Ginerall he lifted up one cup, and there warn't nothin under it but a piece of paper. The Ginerall he was stump'd ; he look at me, and gin his face a twist, and then he look'd in the cup, and shook it. Well,' says he, 'Major, that is plaguy odd ; what has become of that ball?' Well,' says I, 'I guess the paper will tell you :' and the Ginerall took up that, and rub'd his specks, and read, 'Transfer

The General said he had found any of them. He's looking for—and examined all the

cups agin; and he looked under the tables: so to rights, says he, 'Major, I'm stump'd—I nock under—I'm clean beat,' says the Ginerl; 'and now' says he, 'where are the balls?' And with that I put my hand in my pocket, and took 'em out. 'Well,' says the General, 'that beats all the rest. Now,' says the Ginerl, 'what game is this? ain't this nickremancy?' 'Well,' says I, 'Ginerl, my notion is pritty nigh that, but Mr. Van Buren says there ain't a bit of nickremancy in it—it's only *financery*; but I suppose it's a leetle of both on 'em.' 'Well,' says the Ginerl, 'it's a plaguy cunnin game, Major, ain't it?' 'O,' says I, 'it's nothin as I play it here—you should see Mr. Van Buren at one eend of a table, and honest Amos at t'other, and some of the folks from York State with the "Safety Fund" cups, too, strung around the table, and all on 'em understandin the game nigh upon as well as Mr. Van Buren—and then they bring in the "party cups" too—and such a movin and hocus-pocus work I never see afore in my born days—in lookin sometimes I wouldn't bet I had a head on my shoulders—it beats all natur,' says I.

'Now, Major,' says the Ginerl, 'suppose you try it agin:' and so, as I got my hand in, played it over two or three times a leetle slicker, and the Ginerl couldn't see the trick no way—for when I'd find him watchin plaguy close, I'd spread the cups as far as I could reach, and talk about 'Glory' like all rath, and tell about the people's beginnin to think that some folks was outwittin the Ginerl, and that Congress wouldn't go home

any rate, Major, and it shan't be, that I'm detarmin'd upon'—and jest then in come a hull raft of our folks from Congress, to tell the Ginerall what was going on there; and as I had this letter to write to you, I went into the next room; and whilst I was writin it, I'd hear the Ginerall once in a while stormin away about that plaguy game of '*financy*,' and '*nickremancy*.' 'There won't be a dollar left,' says the Ginerall, 'to pay the old sogers their pensions, if we don't put a stop to this game;' and then they all got to blusterin—and '*we must*,' and '*we musn't do this and that*.' 'Oho,' thinks I, 'when folks talk of *we*, it's time for me to take a hand : ' and jest as I was goin to start, I heard the Ginerall roar out for me; and not knowin what was comin, I jest grab'd my ax, and was alongside of him in a flash: and would you think it? there was more than fifty fellers of our folks, and some on 'em from Congress too, all standin round in a ring, brow-beatin the Ginerall, and tellin him not to do this, and not to do that, and by no means not to break their cups; for, it seems, the Ginerall had jest threatened to smash 'em; and sure enuff, as soon as he saw me, he let drive at 'em with his hickory, and he sent the cups and balls into more than a thousand bits. 'Stand by, Major,' says the Ginerall. 'Never you fear me, Ginerall,' says I: but afore I had time to spit in my hands, the Ginerall finished the war; there warn't a critter left. And ever since the Ginerall has bin blowin off steam; and he hain't said a word to me about havin dust in my eyes; and I begin to think the Ginerall finds he has had as

LETTERS OF

THAT IT ISN'T AS GOOD AS: and so that's all
 THE PRESENT, BUT I—JUST NOW IT'S NO USE
 LETTING IT BEHIND US: WE'VE GOT TO GET THE GENERAL &
 NEW JERSEY, AND A NEW BANK—we'll have the o
 WE'VE GOT TO HAVE A BIGGER NUMBER, PRETTY MUCH AFT
 NO. 100,000'S ISSUING; AND THAT MEANS MY NOTION
 BECAUSE THE NUMBER IS BIGGER THAN IT WAS TWENTY
 YEARS AGO—AND THAT MEANS IT'S NO NICKERNAncy
 LIAR. THE GENERAL SAYS THERE MUST BE ONLY A
 FIFTY PER CENT. OF THE OLD IN IT; THEN THERE WILL
 BE NO INTEREST-PAYERS WITHOUT ACCRUE THE TRICK ON'T.
 SO WE MUST BE PREPARED.

FROM YOUR FRIEND,

J. DOWNING, Major,
 Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

LETTER XXVIII.

More Nickremancy—The Ginerall gets his Hand in—Difference between a Tammany Man and other Men—Hints at the Origin and Object of Safety Fund Banks—Character of Moneyed Aristocracies—Difference between I and other Folks—A P. S., acknowledging the Reception of another Present.

To my Old Friend Mr. Dwight, of the N. Y. Daily Advertiser.

Washington, January 31st, 1834.

I AND the Ginerall have had a good many talks about nickremancy and financy, ever since I show'd him that game of Mr. Van Buren's with the cups and balls; and every day arter breakfast we talk and practise a spell. The Ginerall will say, 'Come, Major, now let's suppose this here cup is sich a Bank, and this lump of sugar is the deposit in that; and then sich a cup is sich a Bank, and that 'ere sasser is sich a Bank;' and so we go on, till we turn bottom-up all the cups and sassers on the table, and take nigh upon half the lumps of sugar out of the sugar-dish; and then we go to movin, and slidin, and playin hocus-pocus,—and the Ginerall gits so tickled at it (now he is gittin to know the game), that I am peskily afear'd he'll forgit there is danger in it; and Mr. Van Buren has been tellin him 'The Goverment' can't hold together no way unless his game is kept up.

The news of the great meetin in Tammany Hall has jest got here by express; and honest Amos, and Mr. Van Buren, and a hull raft of our folks come right in, enymost out of breath, to talk about the 'glory' on't to the Ginerall; and they tell the Ginerall that if ony 100 folks go to that 'ere Hall, there is more dependence to be put in their resolutions, than in any other resolutions, no matter if all the rest of that big city agree to 'em. The Ginerall can't contradict this, because, as he says, Mr. Van Buren knows more about York State than ail the rest of creation. I was tellin the General what Zekel Bigelow tell'd me, in his letter about the vote of the Legislatur of York State, consarnin the removal of the deposits, and consarnin the Bank.—that the last election in York State was no guide on this matter—that the Clay party, and the hull opposition party to us, didn't do nothin, but kept sayin among themselves 'Give 'em rope,' 'Make no opposition;' and in many places we had it all our own way; and that the only fightin was among our own folks; and in some places we come plaguy nigh beaten ourselves. But if the election was to go over now, the people wouldn't elect a critter in that state who voted in favour of the resolutions. The Ginerall says he don't believe it; and that Zekel is wrong; and that Mr. Wright, in the Senate, says as much,—and 'You can't make *Wright wrong*, Major,' says the Ginerall (the Ginerall is plaguy witty sometimes). 'Well,' says I, 'Ginerall, what do you think of them memorials and petitions comin on here from New York? There is

names enuff there,' says I, 'to carry any election agin us.' 'Yes,' says the Ginerl, 'there is a good many on 'em, sure enuff; but Mr. Van Buren says that one rale Tammany man is worth a thousand on 'em; and he has written on to git up a petition in old Tammany; and then you'll see, Major, how the cat will jump. Our folks there have got somethin to lose, if they don't work sharp. The opposition folks haven't got no offices to lose; and they know they hain't got no chance for any vacancies when there is any. Now our folks have; and that makes 'em pretty keen.' 'Well,' says I, 'there is somethin in that, Ginerl; but,' says I, 'suppose a meetin of mechanics and landholders, merchants and traders, and all kind of folks who don't git their livin out of offices, but work for it in trades of all kinds, and who have got families to support—folks who love the laws, and say they must be executed; suppose,' says I, 'they call a meetin in New York, and instead of meetin at night in a tavern all lighted up, and with picters at the windows, should all come together at noon-day in the Park there in front of the City Hall, where I and you shook hands with so many folks last summer, and should pass resolutions, tellin us they believ'd we was wrong in havin anything to do with takin the public mony, —that it belonged to Congress only to manage such things for them,—and that it was owin to this that confidence and credit is destroyed, and they are sufferin,—how then?' says I. 'Well,' says the Ginerl, 'until the people do that, it ain't my fault, Major, in believin that they think

we are doin jest right.' 'But,' says I, 'suppose they do so, and nigh upon all the city goes there?' 'Then, Major,' says the Ginerl, 'I reckon it would stump us;—but I suppose if we call in Mr. Van Buren, he can show us with the cups and balls how to play 'em.' 'Well,' says I, 'he may; but I guess it would stump him too a trifle.'

The Ginerl says Mr. Van Buren talks a good deal about the fear of 'monied aristocracy'—but I can ses threw that pretty clear; and if the people don't, too, it ain't my fault. There is one kind of *monied aristocracy* I am plaguy afeard of—and that is when politicians manage to git hold of the mony of the people, and keep turnin it to their own account,—first git hold of the mony that don't belong to 'em, and then buy up a party with it. If people don't keep an eye to this pint, it's all over with 'em.

'I have no fear, Ginerl,' says I, 'of "monied aristocracy," as some folks call it, provided we let people manage *their own* mony—and if they want to make a Bank, and a good strong one too, let 'em have it—but let 'em manage it themselves, or let 'em appint their own folks to manage it for 'em. It ain't in the natur of things for people who have got mony to lend to do any thing agin the ginerl prosperity of the country; for if the country don't prosper, or if it gits into a snarl, they lose their mony. So they are the very kind of folks who are always tryin to keep things strait, and according to law. Whenever they take a hand in politics, it is to prevent politicians gittin things wrong eend first.

'People who have got mony never will consent

to let politicians manage it for 'em, because they know from natur, and all creation has shown it, that as soon as politicians git hold of *other folks' mony*, they sift it round plaguy ginerous, jest to git into office; and then, to keep themselves in office, don't care what it costs, provided they pay away mony that don't belong to 'em.'

Now this is the hull drift of the business. Mr. Van Buren is tryin plaguy hard to take the Gine-ral's place, when the Gine-ral's time is up—and as the people don't know him as well as they do the Gine-ral, because he hain't fought as many battles, he is cunnin enuff to secure himself on another tack, and that is, by gittin the control of the mony of the country. This he has been to work at for a long while. In York State his party has ben practisin in this way for some years—first, in lettin folks know that the ony way to git a Bank Charter was, by promisin to divide the stock round in a particular way—but as this would, in time, all git back in the hands of the rich, or them folks who had no other way of usin their mony, and would pay the most for the stock—and then they wouldn't let politicians manage it for 'em. This puzzled Mr. Van Buren a spell, till the *Safety Fund* notion was shown to him: now, thinks he, I've got it; and all that is to be done is, to try and make this plan work in the place of the U. S. Bank—for Mr. Van Buren saw long ago that as he had no hand in makin or keepin up the U. S. Bank, but Mr. Calhoun, and Mr. Clay, and all the other opposite folks to him had, he naturally got a notion the safest way was to put down the U. S. Bank,

and put his *Safety Fund Bank* right in the place on't. And there ain't no other reason in the world why Mr. Van Buren is opposed to the U. S. Bank. And he got another notion: he thought if he could only bring all the *Safety Fund Banks* in opposition to the U. S. Bank, he would figer out a pretty good sum in politics—for as there was over 300 State Banks, and ony one U. S. Bank, it would work amazin well in his favour—and he could, on that tack, out-vote any man opposed to him. But, as I have said afore to you, in one of my letters, when a man attempts to work out politics with mony matters, unless he is amazin cute, he is apt to fail—for folks sometimes, who stick ony to mony matters, and think they know all about it, find it turns out right tother way—and that's Mr. Van Buren's trouble now—he is ony a politician, and a plaguy cunnin one too—and he is a master hand at managin things, and gittin all his folks into office, and jist them kind of folks, too, who don't like to git a livin in any other way—and then he knows they will work plaguy sharp for him, and to keep themselves in office—and will do pretty much any thing, too. And then, agin, he is a master hand at tripping folks who stand in his way, and afore they know it they are flat on their backs. I and the Ginerall laff sometimes right out for more than half an hour whenever we talk over that business of Calhoun—never was a man so completely outwitted—and the best on't was, Mr. Calhoun never could put his finger on Mr. Van Buren and say, you did this, or you did that. Mr. Van Buren is a rale fox in sich matters—he never

lets nobody track him if he can help it—he has more wit than the Ginerl—for he manages to let the Ginerl take all the responsibility, and he don't take a mite on't: that's natural enuff, too, for he knows the people will hurraw, right or rong, if they ony see the Ginerl—but if they saw anybody else, they'd begin to think and talk about Law and Constitution; and that would git Mr. Van Buren in trouble right off.

After talkin over this matter a spell with the Ginerl—' Now,' says I, ' Ginerl, I see, jist as clear as I see you, that the hull country is goin right into trouble; and if we don't change our course we shall all go, hook and line; for as soon as the next election comes on, the people won't send back to Congress here not a single man who says we are right now in what we have done—we have gone right agin the Law; and as a proof on't, look how things now be, compar'd with what they was—and if we go on so a leetle longer we shan't be much better off than one of the South American Goverments, which nobody has got any confidence in, because the laws ain't no guide there—every man who gits in office there follows the law jist as long as it suits him, and when it don't suit him he does jist what he pleases. Now,' says I, ' the people of this country won't allow that; they have made laws, and they say they must be executed and follow'd, or else there ain't no use to have any Laws. Why,' says I, ' Ginerl, if you wan't here yourself, the people would no more stand still and let things go on as they are now goin, than I would swallow

"your history," says I.—"for the land's sake," says I.—"just ask it if I want as I said afore, suppose any of them prominent folks, such as Clay, or Webster, or Calhoun, or Adams, or any body in position, was just to do some things that we have done, and you and I was in the Senate, or in either House, it was among the people, why," says I.—"we'd want all caution again 'em—I would," says I.—"in a minute." "Well," says the General, "when I come to think on't, Major, I don't know but I would 'em; but then there is a plaguy deal of difference between them fellows and Andrew Jackson." And with that the General rub'd his spectacles, and fix'd 'em close up to his eyes, and took his history, and began to walk up and down, talking about the popularity and the glory of his administration.—"Why," says the General, "nothin can hold a candle to it—it will be just like a *light-house* to all the jills that come arter us, Major." "Well," says I. "General, that's pretty much my notion too. But the worst on't is, some, I'm afeard, will say that *light-houses* don't always stand in safe places—but serve to tell folks 'there is danger nigh,' and to look out sharp or they'll go bump ashore. So no more at present,

From your Friend,

J. DOWNING, Major,

Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

P. S.—I got your letter, which you tied fast to a *Patent Metallic Hone and Strap, for Razors*, which was handed to you to send to me, by the maker and patentee, Mr. E. M. Pomeroy, of Wal-

lingford, Conn.; and who tells me in his letter, that he hopes I'll accept on't as a present from him. If I warn't so busy I'd write him a letter of thanks. But jist to save postage, if your paper goes to Wallingford, send him one containing this letter. It's a complete strap as you ever see; and as soon as it was known about here that I had received it, nigh upon all our folks have ben sendin to borrow it. Some on 'em won't be the worse for the use on't, for there are a good many here who keep about '*half-shaved*' all the while; and I tell 'em if they use this strap, I'll warrant their razors will cut without whisky.

Yours, &c.

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

LETTER XXIX.

**Presentation of Committee—The General shows his
in Egyptian—A Mistake—The Mechanics not
many Men—The real Seven Years Coming—H
H-Lenny—Further Particulars promised in the
Letter.**

**To my Old Friend Mr. Dright, of the N. Y. Del
Advertiser.**

Wilmington, 15th February, 18

EVER since I have bin in the Governmen
never have had so much on my hands as I I
since I wrote you my last letter. Folks are put
in here from all quarters, and bringin petiti
and memorials—some on 'em jest as much
man can lift; and when they come to str
them out, they kiver all Congress. Most all
Committees that come on here call to see me
the General, and the work of presentin ther
the General has kept me busy enuff, I tell
The first and biggest Committee that came
was from the New-York Marchants and Trad
I tell'd the General, says I, 'now, General
our time to brush up all we know about ti
and mony business; for,' says I, 'them N
Yorkers evry one on 'em has got his eye-teeth
and they hain't come down here at this sea
threw the mud for nothin,' says I; 'and as t
are comin to see us to-morrow we better spring

it now,' says I, 'Gineral, and git evry thing cut and dried for 'em;' and I and the Gineral went to work makin a kinder shamfight on't. I see pretty quick it wouldn't do, for the Gineral would fly right off the handle, and talk about *Glory*, and *New-Orleans*, and *Reform*, and about *his rights*, and *his Government*, and the GREAT EXPERIMENT, and wind up by blowing Squire Biddle all to splinters. 'Now,' says I, 'Gineral, that won't do at all,' says I; 'them ain't the kind of folks to talk to so; they hain't come here to talk about "Glory;" they have got enuff of that,' says I, 'in New-York already; and Reform, too,' says I. 'Why,' says I, 'Gineral, my friend Zekel Bigelow tells me there is so much of that in New-York, that folks are breakin all to bits there, and it has crowded evry dollar out of trade. Now,' says I, 'I guess the best way for us is to hear what these New-Yorkers have got to say, and then bow 'em off as quick as possible; and don't ask 'em any questions, and they won't ask us any—for if they git us on that tack,' says I, 'we'll go bump ashore, now I tell you;' and so the Gineral began to think that was the best way, and if he was to say any thing in reply, it would be the old story—and the Gineral has tell'd that over so often, I think he could say evry word on't in his sleep.

Well, the next mornin, sure enuff, I see 'em comin; and I call'd the Gineral, and he took his stand right in the middle of the room, and I stood a leetle ahead on him, 'twixt him and the door—and in they come, jest for all the world as folks come to meetin; and I turn'd to and introduced

'em to the Ginerol, and we shook hands all round. The Ginerol is plaguy cummin in such times—he was mad enuff to snap his hickory right in two pieces; but he put on a plaguy good-natur'd look; and as soon as we got threw shakin hands, out as 'em—a rale spunky-lookin critter, jest about sike another lookin chap as Squire Biddle, and talk'd about as glib about mony matters—he stopp'd out and spoke for the rest on 'em, and he went on now jest as cool as though he hadn't lost a dollar since we begun the war. He was as civil, too, as you ever see; he tell'd the Ginerol pretty much how things was workin, and how they was goin to work; and when he come to speak of the Ginerol's *grand experiment*, he tell'd him pretty plain it wouldn't work right. The Ginerol was jest a goin to let him have his notions, but I pull'd him a twich by the coat, and he stopp'd: but as soon as he got threw and bow'd, the Ginerol begun, and tell'd him the first go off *he was mistaken*: that there warn't a man in the hull State of Tennessee know'd half so much about banks, and banking, and trade, as he did—and so long as he was President he'd let folks know what was the rale meanin of 'Government.'

Biddle was a monster, and so was the Bank. Calhoun was a rascal, and so was Clay, and Webster, and McDuffie, and the hull raft of the opposition, and what puzzled him most was to find out which was the biggest rascal, the Bank or ary one of them other fellers, and he'd put 'em all down afore he was done with 'em. 'Hain't I sayed the country,' says the Ginerol, 'more than

fifty times? If it hadn't been for me,' says he, 'the Ingins would now be in Wall-street, scalpin all on you, and the British would be all over Kentucky, and Tennessee, and Virginny.' And so the Ginerall went on, and I couldn't stop him till he got right into 'Glory;' and so I thought 'twas best to begin to bow the folks off; and by the time the Ginerall got threw, he and I had it all to ourselves, and we sot down; the Ginerall he was a good deal struck up and beat out, but he is as tuff as all natur, and can go threw jest sich a tug evry day, ony give him a leetle time to take wind; and so he took off his specks, and went to rubbin 'em, and we begun to talk about it. Says he, 'Major, I reckon I gave 'em a 'skierey factious' that time, didn't I? You see,' says the Ginerall, 'I asked 'em no questions, and that kept things snug. Do you know, Major,' says the Ginerall, 'I didn't like the looks of that feller a bit who did all the talkin for his companions: did you understand, Major, all that he telled about?' says the Ginerall. 'Pretty considerable,' says I. And so I telled it all over to the Ginerall in my own way. 'Well,' says the Ginerall, 'I am glad I didn't understand him, for now as you tell it it stumps me considerable.' The Ginerall he sat still a moment, and begun to count on his fingers; and to rights says he, 'Major, who was that?' 'Why,' says I, 'Ginerall, he is the son of a man I've heard you tell on a thousand times.' And as soon as I spoke the name, the Ginerall he started up, and says he, 'Major, 'tis impossible—what, the son of Rufus King! Why,' says he, 'Major, he was

ing-man's dinner hour: and let us put on our old coats, and don't shave to-morrow (the General is plagy cunnin in sich matters). So the next day, sure enuff, in they come, and we turn'd to shakin hands. 'Aha, my friends,' says the General, 'these are the hands I like to shake—no glove-work here—you are the men to tell Congress what to do: and,' says the General, 'any man in office, from the President downward, ought to mind what you tell 'em. And the General walk'd round among 'em, and shook hands agin, and slap'd 'em on the shoulders; and took a quid of tobacco from one on 'em, and gin another a chaw out of his own box; and was as happy as you ever see, and spry as a cricket too.

'Now, my friends,' says the General, 'let's talk over public matters:' and with that one on 'em stepp'd out and spoke for the rest; and I never in my born days heard a crittur of his looks and trade, talk so about Banks and money matters—and he began back more than 30 years, when he was printis, and come up all along, and he did shave down and saw up party measures and party folks, and dove-tail'd matters so, that the General was stump'd: the General walk'd up to him and made plagy ugly faces at him; but the crittur went on and talk'd right up to the General—and there warn't a lump of sugar, or a drop of ile in the hull on't. As soon as he stop'd, the General gin him a hard look, and says he, 'Stranger, what's your trade?' 'A master carpenter, sir,' said he.—'I was your friend, General, and every man I employ'd was also, and we stuck to you till the measures of your administration have driven us

will—I've said I would, and right or wrong I'll do it, if I die ten thousand Spanish Inquisitions. And now, Strangers, clear out and go home.' And as soon as the Ginerl put on his hat, they put on their'n and walk'd out. But it did make me feel plagy sad and heavy to see folks come so fur, threw the middle of winter, and go home empty-handed. The Ginerl was in a pesky bad temper all day, and so was I; but Mr. Van Buren, and some of the Congressmen from York State come in, and made clear weather agin, by tellin us they expected ev'ry minit another committee from New York, of the *rale stuff*, and no mistake about 'em, right strait from Tammany Hall, too, and they read over the names. 'There, that one,' says Mr. Van Buren, 'is an old friend of mine, he was Mayor once, and is now a Banker; he knows ev'rything, and can tell in a minit the difference between a crooked account and a *fair business transaction*. And here is another, he sent you a big bald-headed eagle once, Ginerl, don't you remember? and by-the-by, Major,' says he, 'he is one of your countrymen; and the rest,' says Mr. Van Buren, 'are all to be depended on,—the first people of the city, in fact the party couldn't hang together without 'em.' 'Well,' says the Ginerl, 'this is somethin like; and now,' says he, 'the best way would be, when they come, to let Congress out, and let all our folks have a hollow-day.' Well, sure enuff they have come, and we have had *some* on 'em here, but I han't got time to tell you about it in this letter, but will in my next. And I have got somethin to tell you,

son, about a new man, jest come here all the way from Ireland ; his name is Dennis McLoony, he is a good-natured critter, and the Ginerall likes him nigh about as much as he does me. I don't know what he is arter, and the Ginerall don't nother, but he says he can do pritty much any thing, and he tells some plagy funny stories for us, —we hain't got no office for him yit, but there will be some holes soon to fill up here ; and by his tell he can fit plagy nigh eny place.

Yours, &c.,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2nd Brigade.

LETTER XXX.

Some of the real "Simon Pures" at the White House—Awkwardness of Mr. McLooney, a new Member of the Kitchen Cabinet—The General is thereby bothered, and falls into sundry Mistakes—Prosperous times at home—A Family Dinner—Some good Jobs in Prospect—A small "Business Transaction" with the Treasury—A general "Hurraw" for "Glory," &c.

To my Old Friend Mr. Dwight, of the N. Y. Daily Advertiser.

Washington, 21st February, 1834.

IN my last letter I tell'd you about my presentin to the General them two Committees from New York—one of the Marchants and Traders, and tother of the Mechanics, and how the General thought the last come right from Tammany Hall, and got into a plagy mistake about it. But I tell'd you that the rale Tammany folks did come; and now I'm goin to tell you what a high time we had here.

I got the list of names of the Committee, and I and the General went to work readin on 'em over and over, so as to git 'em glib—so, when the hour come, we got the room to rights, and the General took his stand right in the middle on't, and I stood a leetle ahead on him, and Dennis McLooney, who I tell'd you about in my last, he said he best git by the door with the list of names, and call 'em out for us, and so let 'em come up to the General one at a time, and then there would

be no mistake—He said that was exactly the way at all the great folks' houses in Ireland. But when they come, you never see sich work as Dennis made on't—he stopped the first one; and instead of lettin the man tell him what his name was, Dennis wanted to know if he was so and so: he took the first name on the list, and arter he'd tried 'em all round, he took the next name and tried 'em a spell at that,—and so on. I couldn't hear all that was said, for Dennis ony opened the door jist wide enuff to put his own head out, and kept talkin and scoldin like all natur; so to rights the Ginerall call'd out, and says he, 'Mr. McLoo-ney, stand aside,' says he, 'and let our friends come in:' but Dennis jam'd the door right too, and turned and tell'd the Ginerall he didn't believe they were the persons the Ginerall expected; and so I had to go and let 'em in myself; and, to keep Dennis out of trouble, I tell'd him to go in a corner, and look and larn somethin of American manners, afore he come to play Irish here: and so in they come—but there was ony three on 'em, and that made things easy for me; and, as the Ginerall remembered as many of the names, he stepped up to 'em, and shook hands with 'em, and call'd 'em by the three first names on the list—to one he said, 'I am glad to welcome the man who was once Mayor of New-York, and I hope to see you Mayor agin,' says the Ginerall—'And you, my friend, I thank you once more for bringing me on here, jist arter my first election, that big bald-headed eagle: I was so busy then I had not time to do it; I am sorry to tell you that

The bird is dead,—but I *preserved* all I could
 him; I stuffed my arm-chair cushion with his
 thers; my friend Mrs. E. made a fan of his
 , and I keep his quills to write my Proclama-
 as and Vetoes with:’ and so the Ginerall shook
 ds agin; and to rights, says he, ‘where is the
 t on you?’ and he took up the list and read all
 ir names over; and then come trouble. They
 l the Ginerall nary one on ’em ever had bin
 yor, and none on ’em ever sent an Eagle to the
 ical; but one said he had the *honour* of
 kin the furniter for the Ginerall’s room, when
 was on at York, on the *Grand Tower*; and
 n he handed the Ginerall his card, tellin about
 work; and another stepp’d up, and tell’d the
 ical he had the *honour* of sellin it at auction
 er the Ginerall was done usin on’t; and he gin
 Ginerall another card, telling what his business
 s in York. The Ginerall look’d at ’em a spell,
 l then he looked at t’other one; but he had no
 d; he said he didn’t do no business, because he
 l an office under the Government. The Gine-
 began to think there was another mistake; and
 look’d at me, and I tipp’d him a wink, and jest
 asper’d in his ear, ‘Try ’em on *Glory* a spell,
 ical,’ says I, ‘and there will be no mistake
 er that;’ and so the Ginerall went at it,—and
 e enuff you never see critturs spruce up as they
 ; and the further the Ginerall got into *Glory*
 Reform, the louder these critturs hurraw’d
 us; and Dennis got at it too; and that made
 six on us, and we settled up matters as clear
 as whistle. There warn’t no distress nowhere.

one such negotiation was as cheap as pine bark was a spell ago, and so was labour; and if the General would say so and put down the Bank, and would give him an order to make him see to it, he would show the difference; another old time never was better for his business,—for he expected this spring to have the selling of nigh upon all the insurance furniture in New York; and the other and he was content, as long as the party hung together, for he got his honest firm out of the public money, and that didn't belong to nobody but the General; and then we all turn'd to again, and had another spell of Glory and business.

The General was tickled most desperately; and he tell'd 'em all to stay and take dinner with us: and as soon as Congress was let out we had a good large party, and we all sat down and talk'd over matters; and as we had now just the kind of folks from New York to tell the Congress folks and all other friends what the real state of things was North, and that there warn't no distress there, and them other fellows I tell'd you about in my last letter any come here to throw dust in our eyes. Every thing was now as light as sunshine, and it will take a good many Committees and Petitions too to make the General budge an inch now.

The General tell'd these good folks from Tammany Hall he'd like to have 'em stay here as long as Congress remains here, and they may come and put up in the White House, and they shan't spend a cent of their own money. As soon as the General said that, one on 'em got up from the table and walked round to the

General, and whispered somethin in the General's ear. For a spell the General looked plagy blank, and all I could hear him say was, 'What'—'Rent'—'Can't pay.' 'I see,' says the General, 'how it is—that's Biddle's work—I'll disappoint him:' and with that he call'd Amos, and whispered somethin to him, and *he* whisper'd somethin to Tawney, and *he* whisper'd agin to Major Blair, and so it went round, till one on 'em got up and went over to the Treasury, and brought in some money, and the General settled up that matter pretty quick. And so that's pretty much all I've got to say about this Tammany Committee—and if you want to know about some other things that's goin on here that I hain't got time to write about, I'd advise you to read Dennis McLooney's letters; he writes a leetle evry day to his friends in Ireland; and to git it home safe, he tells me he sends his letters to Mr. King, who prints the New York American. Dennis and I are pretty good friends, considering—but he says he don't like the Yankees a bit; and, to be even with him, I tell him I like his countrymen amazingly—so we won't quarrel on that hook.

Yours, &c.

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

LETTER XXXI.

A DISCUSSION OF ASSASSINATION LETTERS—Reflections thereon—The Major exposed to Assassination as well as the General—This Libellous Plot not confined to one Party alone—Dexter Dummer and Krum—The General alarmed at the Sound (1831)—A Translation requested, and Reasons for declining it—A Lame Trick—Concluded by a Easy Ha.

**To my Old Friend Mr. Dwight, of the N. Y. Daily
Advertiser.**

Washington, 26th February, 1834.

WE have had a good deal of sport here lately, about a new kick our folks got into. Findin' things was gain pretty ruff agin us, and so many Committee folks comin on here, pesterin on us every day with petitions and talk, they tho't best to put a stop to it—and got up some letters full of fire, and toe, and brimstone, and bloody murder agin the General—and threatenin on him. This, you know, is an old trick in the old countries—and I tell'd the General I was peskily afeard it wouldn't work well here. But they wouldn't take my advice—and so they got some on 'em printed. The first go off the General had a notion it would do some good in stirrin up our friends about the country; but when he and I come to consider on't, he begun to think it wouldn't work right—for when you come to think on't, it looks plagy strange that folks who want a re-charter of a

Bank should be cut-throats and murderers—for if they had a notion that way, they could get money without comin here for it, and killin the Ginerl, and runnin the risk of my axe in the bargain—‘And now,’ says I, ‘Ginerl, I consider this business, now that it is all printed, a plagy small matter, and I am peskily afeard it will do us no good—folks will laff at it all about creation—and them that don’t know the natur of our countrymen won’t think so well on us—and I don’t think it’s right nother. But howsomever,’ says I, ‘since we’ve got in it, and some folks will laff, my notion is, we best begin and have some fun ourselves first; and the next time all our Cabinet folks git together, I’ll have my share on’t at any rate.’ And so, sure enuff, yesterday I got a chance. I sot down and jined the ring, and says I, ‘*More steel and brimstone*, Ginerl.’ And I out with a hull bundle of letters—and the first one I read was dated away up in Hillsdale, New Hampshire. ‘Now,’ says I, ‘that’s a rale geniwine letter—from a place where there ain’t nobody but rale geniwine folks of our party.’ They all stared, not knowin what was comin: and the Ginerl he sot still smokin, so you couldn’t see but leetle on him. And so I read—

To Major Downing, alongside the Ginerl,
Washington.

‘You eternal rascal,—If you don’t stop writin letters—that keep all the while workin agin our party—we will send folks to Washington who will chop you up into mince-meat with your own axe. We don’t see how it is the Ginerl keeps sich

a letter about what you do want to—see before we are taken by surprise; for we don't see how we get a letter out of your Major's commission, now that we're so war. If the General changes his mind about the Bank, it will all be over to your sister—to ask me—and if the Bank comes out of the whole alive, you are a dead man."

"There," says I, "isn't that a stunner? But here is one a little worse than that, and is dated—Pauze Bank (****) Kinder Hook, (****) Overlook."

But that's all the English I can make out. But the General is looked at it, and then said Mr. Van Buren to read it out in English for us. But he took it and studied it over a spell, and he looked round, and was plainly put to it to know what it in about it, and whispered something to the Guide man, and he whispered to another, and it went round. "Come," says I, "let's have it." "Well," says Mr. Van Buren, "it's a pretty severe letter, but we best not translate it—I'll read it as it is with pleasure." And so he went at it after this fashion—and this is the copy out:—

Denier Barwick legt by Kinderhook op de Overloop.
AAN JAN DOWLING. MAINTEN in het zelfde huis waar den
Generaal woont.

Jy bent nu een levendige man maar zo zeker als gy nu den Generaal aanraad om de Bank van de vereenigde Staaten te herstellen, zullen wy den DONDER EN BLIKSEM door je slaan, en dan zal je een dooije man zyn. Weet je dan niet dat als

deezee Bank van de vereenigde Staaten niet vernietigd is, dat de Regeering Bank te Albany haar oogmerk niet kan vervullen, om Mynheer Van Buren President te maaken? nu deezee brief is om je te zeggen dat als je niet ophoud met die gekke brieven te schryven, en regt omkeerd en Mynheer Van Buren ondersteund om die Bank na beneede te stellen, en de zekerheid-Gelde Banken na boven te houden pass op-of je krygt het mes in de buik, het maakt geen onder scheid wie lydt, of hoe veel meuschen bankroet gaan, als wy Mynheer Van Buren maar President kunnen maaken, en dan kan ieder en een die maar bewyzen kan dat hy hem ondersteund heeft en geld daarby verloorren heeft op de Pensioen Lyst van Mynheer Van Buren gesteld worden, en betaald worden wit de publicque kast, net als de oude Revolutie Soldaten, en als hy President word dan zal hy alles onder zyne bedwinging hebben en *‘zyne vrienden beloonen, en zyne vyanden bestraffen.’*

Gy hebt maar eene week meer te leven als gy je gedrag niet veranderd—Dus pass op—

Before he got half threw, the Ginerall he riz up, and his hair stood evry way. And, says he, ‘Major, that *sounds* like bloody murder, don’t it?’ And says I, ‘There is no doubt on’t. And if Mr. Van Buren would ony give the English on’t, it would be worse than any letter agin you, Ginerall,’ says I. ‘Well,’ says the Ginerall, ‘if it’s worse in English than it *sounds* in Dutch, I don’t want

to hear it; and we best stop readin any more letters about murder.' 'Well,' says I, 'if that's enuff, I'm content. But,' says I, 'we best git these printed in the Globe.' 'No, no—O no, no—O no,' cried out pretty much all on 'em, 'they ain't *official* enuff for the Globe—nothin goes there but the rale stuff, "by Authority."

'Well,' says I, 'if anybody says this ain't as true as them other ones, I should like to hear it.' And I give 'em a look, but they didn't say a word. 'Well,' says I, 'that ain't all; if any on you want to know any thing more about these 'ere letters, I am willin to *tell you who* wrote 'em, and *why* they was written; and that's a leetle more than any on you dare say about t'other ones. And,' says I, 'that ain't all yet; if any on you want me to tell who wrote them t'other letters, and why they was written, I can tell you that too,' says I.

And with that they all begun to look pritty cloudy, and some on 'em said there warn't no use to say nothin more about the business. 'Very well,' says I, 'it's a nasty trick, any way; it may do very well for some countries, but it won't do in this; our people know a leetle too much to bite at sich a bait as that. And now,' says I, 'the next time, any on you want to play off a rale good trick, you must be sartin first to see both eends on't; or else,' says I, 'you'll be as bad off as my old neighbour, Eliakum Doolittle, who work'd nigh upon a week diggin a wolf-pit, and fixen a trap-fall on top on't, and jest as he was baitin on't, he

slipp'd in himself; and it warn't till he was enymost starved to death afore the neighbours found out where he was.'

The Ginerel was tickled to death with this story, but our folks didn't like it a bit; and so he haw-haw'd—and as I always in these hard times hook on to any thing worth laffin at (for the chance is plagy scarce), I turn'd to, and join'd the Ginerel, and we hah-haw'd together till there warn't a critter left in the room but me and the Ginerel. And so that's all I've got to say about murder and brimstone this time.

Yours, &c.

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

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U. S. DEPT. OF JUSTICE
RECEIVED
JAN 10 1906

Washington, D. C. March 1934

"I am sure I would not put down their assessments as any unreasonable and unfair taxes. I have never heard of a man who put this up to work the way that the service they have got. The Government and I don't mean to say another word about it. But as things are getting worse and worse, I think I shall for the last time, if some change is not made, I must quit—for I cannot go down and have my advice put aside by a man who has no sense—when I see, as you do, I can see beyond the hill country and get a glimpse of the future. The General was considerably shocked at what I said and at leaving me him—and he asked me where I was going. 'Well,' says I, 'I am going to the States and I will tell I don't see the way out of this thing. This thing trouble with the Government more than cholera morbus—a'

body could git away from that, but this has got now everywhere—and when it gits hold, kamfire and lodnum stands no chance with it.’ ‘I am afraid, Major,’ says the Ginerol, ‘you are changin your politics.’ ‘Well,’ says I, ‘Ginerol, it may be so—for a man may as well change his teeth,’ says I, ‘if by keepin his old set he can git nothing to bite with ’em.

‘And now,’ says I, ‘Ginerol, jist let’s you and I look into this *Experiment* of yourn, and see where it is goin to land us; for,’ says I, ‘if I don’t miss my guess, we shall turn heels over head to rights, and there is no tellin which eend will come down first. And I don’t see,’ says I, ‘what good is to come on’t, even supposin we come down feet first. How,’ says I, ‘are we goin to satisfy this everlastin batch of folke, with all their little children who are *now sufferin* all about the country by this plaguy *Experiment*. You might as well,’ says I, ‘try to make folks believe it will be all the better for ’em herearter, when they git used to it, to take off their shoes and stockins and go barefoot now, and tell ’em that’s the only way—so that in war-time evry man will be ready to march, and not bother the country to provide shoes and stockins for ’em. And it’s pretty much so now with this plaguy *No Bank Experiment*. Folks have got a notion that they can’t git on without Banks—and they know, too, there must be a good strong one to regulate all the small ones, jest like the balance-wheel in a watch—for without that,’ says I, ‘the little wheels will all go wiz, and break all to bits—and you’ll

never know the time of day no more than
dud will tell in a snow-storm. And the
I, 'to talk about hard money, and the
mean't be no other kind of money. Wh
I, 'you might as well tell folks to go back
buckles agin, when a good leather of
lighter and better. Now suppose,' say
merchant wants to send money from here
Orleans to buy cotton, or to China to bu
and suppose,' says I, 'an old Revolu
soldier, livin away back in the country, a
for his pension, and he was too old to ou
himself; how then,' says I, 'would we
to git this money in the safest way possib
New-Orleans to buy cotton, or to China
tea, or to the hands of this old soldier?
send hard dollars,' says I, 'in a ship, i
sinks, it's gone to all eternity—and if the
take her, it's worse yet—and if you send it
Major Barry would have to make some wo
tracts than we have already. This stou
considerable, and I have been lookin intr
since this Bank war begun—and the on
says I, 'is to have a Bank that everybo
got confidence in, and have it as strong
natur, and known everywhere, and then
git round all these storms, and pirates, and
of luggin hard money about. And we don
no better Bank than we've got now, to do
if we only let it alone. And the best proof
is strong enuff is, that with all our hammer
we hain't shook an atom on't—and the m
fight agin it the worse it is for the peop

want the money this Bank owns, and the Bank wants to lend its money, for that is its business—and when we tell the people that Squire Biddle is the cause of makin money scarce, they know that's all ninkum fiddle.

'Now,' says I, 'Gineral, suppose you was appointed to defend the country agin an enemy, that was comin here from abroad, and the enemy was, say 10,000 men, and they wouldn't tell you where they were goin to land—but you was obliged every week to tell them where your men was.' 'Why,' says the Gineral, 'I'd go right down to New-Orleans and whip 'em, jest as I did afore.' 'But suppose,' says I, 'they wouldn't go there agin, but kept dodgin about along the coast from one eend to tother, how then?' said I. 'Then,' says the Gineral, 'I'd call out every man in the country—and I'd have 10,000 men in every fort from New-Orleans to Downingville.' 'Well,' says I, 'that I suppose would be the ony way, and if it was in harvest-time it would be bad work for the crops.' 'I couldn't help that,' says the Gineral, 'I'd defend the country through thick and thin.' 'Well,' says I, 'that is pretty much what Squire Biddle is arter—he don't know where we intend to attack his Bank, and we make him tell us evry week jest how the Branches stand as to strength—and we have tell'd him we'd break him if we can, and so, as he wouldn't be doin his duty if he didn't defend his Bank, he is obliged to keep every point as strong as he can, and so a good deal of money is idle jest as a good many militia-men would be idle in the war we've been talkin on;

the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are illiterate has increased from 1.2 billion to 1.5 billion. The number of illiterate people in the world is projected to reach 1.7 billion by the year 2015. The number of illiterate people in the world is projected to reach 1.7 billion by the year 2015. The number of illiterate people in the world is projected to reach 1.7 billion by the year 2015.

and he asked the Ginerl what on earth he was cuttin down that tree for—that it was one of the best bee-trees on his farm—and had supplied his family and the neighbours round with honey for a good many seasons, and that the bees was jest swarmin agin in it.

And with that the Ginerl got wrathly, and tell'd the niggers to cut away, and down went the tree right across the orchard fence—and says the Ginerl, 'If the rakoon ain't there, go on and cut down the apple orchard till you find him.' And the niggers kept at it, but afore they cut down many trees the old farmer larnt wisdom—and he come to the Ginerl, and tell'd him he was right arter all, for the rakoon was jest where he thought he was—and he had jumped from one apple-tree to another, and was now in his cellar.' And with that the Ginerl he called off the niggers, and tell'd the farmer it was well he had found the rakoon as soon as he did, for he'd a cut down evry tree in his orchard. 'And so I tell'd him,' says the Ginerl, 'he might keep the rakoon for larnin wisdom.'

'Now,' says I, 'Ginerl, what was your notion?' 'Why,' says he, 'Major, if I hadn't done jest so, it would a gone all round the country that I know'd nothin about rakoonin; and it's jest so with the Bank; if I give up my notion *now*, folks will say I know nothin about Bankin; and afore I'll do that, I'll break evry man in trade, from one eend of the country to the other. I'll let folks know, afore I am done, that Andrew Jackson knows as much of Bankin as he does of rakoonin.'

'Well,' says I, 'Gineral, I don't see how you g such notions.' 'Nar I don't nother, Major,' say the Gineral; 'but it has always bin my way when I git a notion, to stick to it till it dies natural death—and the more folks talk agin n notions, the more I stick to 'em.' 'Now,' says 'Gineral, that was a pretty good story you've b tellin, and I'd like to tell you one.' And th Gineral he fill'd his pipe, and I began :—' A spe ago,' says I, 'my old Grandmother Danforth—b my mother's side—you know,' says I, 'Gineral my mother was a Danforth:' and so I tell'd th Gineral as far as I could all about the hull Danforth family; and gittin that strait, I got bac again to my old Grandmother Danforth. 'Well,' says I, 'she owned an old hen, that was one o the curiestest critters that ever cluck'd. This ol hen was never remarkable for laying eggs—but she was a master-hand in hatchin on 'em: my ol Grandmother Danforth used to keep this ol critter always busy; and as fast as she hatch one batch, she'd stick under her another: it got at last, all the oher fowls about the place woul come and slide themselves in alongside this ol hen, and lay their eggs in her nest—sometime ducks—sometimes geese—and sometimes dung hill fowls and bantums—it made no odds which this old hen would hatch 'em all out, and was je as tickled evry mornin when the young one woul crawl out of the nest as though she ha laid the eggs herself—and was all the whi ruffled and rumped, and ready for a fight.' An so I tell'd the Gineral a good long story about th

old hen, and about her troubles,—and how the other fowls used to impose upon her, and so forth.

The Ginerl was a good deal taken with this story; and he has been tellin on't to Mr. Van Buren, and Amos Kindle, and the rest of the Cabinet—and one on 'em came to me to know what barin that story had on *The Government*; and all I could say about it was, that the Ginerl tell'd me his rakoon story, to show how important it was for him to stick to a notion, right or wrong; and as he didn't know exactly how he got his notions, I thought I'd tell him the story of my old Grandmother Danforth's hen, and see if that would throw any light on't.

Then they wanted to know if I intended to compare the Ginerl to that old hen? and I tell'd 'em it wan't so much my business as other folks'; it was enuff for me to tell the story jist as it was. 'One thing, howsever,' says I, 'is pretty sartin, and that is, that the Ginerl has got some plagy odd fowls about him; and that pretty much all on 'em have been droppin their eggs under him to hatch for 'em, and nothin has come out of the nest yet that the people like. And,' says I, 'if some on you don't manage to stand aside and let an egg go in the nest worth hatchin, I am peaskily afraid the people won't stand it much longer, but will make a clean sweep of the hull on you, and break up the old nest in the bargain; and so,' says I, 'that's all, for the present.'

Your old Friend,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.



APPENDIX.



APPENDIX.

WE know of no man in the United States who has so many and so strong inducements to write for the newspapers as Major Downing. No writer of modern times has met with such decided success, nor do we recollect one whose popularity has been so extensive, and we may almost say, universal. We are not speaking of such writers as Sir Walter Scott, who made so many novels; nor Lord Byron, who wrote so much poetry. The Major has never, to our knowledge, written *a book*, either in prose or verse. Nor does he deal in works of the imagination of any description. His object appears to be simple narration—a mere historical account of what occurs before his own eyes, and about which he cannot make a mistake, unless it be what is sometimes called a *wilful one*. The Major is above such a sordid practice as that of writing fiction, merely for the purpose of amusing the idle and the inquisitive. His object is to record facts for the future historian; and that they may not be lost, he puts them in print with as little delay as possible; well knowing that when the chronicle of passing events is entered in the grand registers of historical truth—the newspapers—the copies become so multiplied that there is not only no danger of their being lost, but there is an absolute certainty that they cannot be corrupted, or perverted, without being detected. This is his great inducement to publish his works in the newspapers. He is perfectly assured that they will be preserved, pure and unsullied, for the use of the future writer of history.

And the wisdom of his plan is already manifest. His views are particularly his Official Report on the Bank, now already well published in so many papers that any attempt to prevent his sentiments, or misrepresent his language, would be fruitless. We believe that while his views are scattered in at least fifty different papers, and will, we may say, go on nearly as many more. And it is highly commendable on the part and principles of the country that there is such a general wish for what, unadorned, unembellished truth—the simple, unadorned, unembellished truth.—*N. E. Rep.*

From the Philadelphia National Gazette, August, 1833.

The contempt which some of the Jacksonians affect for the letters of Major Jack Downing is as amusing and ill-founded as the jealousy which they entertain of Black Hawk during the President's Progress. The Indian rival could be sent in a different direction, and hurried away to the land of his fathers: but Major Jack is master of his own movements and positions, and in some sort ubiquitous; he will be the Monsieur Toinon of the political scene. Cried down he cannot be—read he will be, and admired too, by all the people. We are quite sure that when his regular narrative of the progress, and his occasional epistles supplementary, shall appear in a volume, embellished with cuts, he will be soon, and long, as much in vogue as ever John Bunyan has been. *Save Major Jack!*

From the United States Telegraph, Sept. 9, 1833.

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.—The name alone must command attention. It is not often that man can bestow, or that man can be thought to deserve, unmingled praise; yet, such

as it is, the unmixed meed of our approbation must be given to the Major. The seductions of power have found and have alike left him unmoved. He has *not* been appointed to office; no foreign embassy has shed its golden showers upon him; and no promotion to a colonelcy (and we have the authority of the *Globe* for the statement) has it been his good fortune to obtain. Still is the meritorious Jack Downing an unattached Major. Yet the Major, though shaded by his own laurels, has his renown. "*Stat nominis umbra*" is as appropriate to him as to Junius. Recorded fame shall gather round his monument; it is a solid fabric, and will support the *hickories* that adorn it.

From a Lexington (Kentucky) Paper—on the Major's Bank Report.

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.—In despite of our utmost efforts, the letters of Major Downing will creep into our paper. Every one we publish we think shall be the last; but when we read a new one it overpowers our resolution to discard him from our columns, and we involuntarily take up a pen to mark it for insertion.

From the Buffalo Patriot, Dec. 7, 1833.

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.—The inquiry for the inimitable and interesting letters of this "*second best man in the government*" is so great that it is proper to render to our readers an excuse for the nonappearance of his letters for two or three weeks past. The Major has been so busy with "*the General*," in "*fitting and joining the beams and rafters of the message*," that he has had no time to keep up his correspondence.

Respectful Attention.

Major JACK DOWNING.—We think the *you* *suppose* *played off* in the opposition ways in this character are the last things which have appeared in the newspapers in years. It is a serious fact the letters which have from time to time appeared under the hand and seal of the Major have been the result of great labour and talent. They exhibited popularity brought various authors into the field: and although Major Jack was not always in keeping with himself off a general identity possessed the effect of his numerous military efforts. We are not surprised that the reader knows him at last come out against the Major. They will have the inspiring wit of the opposition. We doubt whether this is so. We fancy that the Major will yet live to do his country service.

One of the most interesting which the unsophisticated Major made, was that in which he mentioned the conduct of the Vice-President. *viz.* after a toss in the air by his restful stand, so evident that it was impossible to tell which end was uppermost, came down upon his feet in Deacon Willoby's potato-plot, and immediately commenced bowing to the assembled multitude, just as if nothing had happened.

From the New York American, Dec. 7, 1833.

But for the letters published originally in the New-York Daily Advertiser, and republished with the greatest avidity in almost every newspaper in the country, Major Downing would not have been by any means recognised, as he now is, as one of the first confidential advisers that ever stood between a people and their ruler. The Major is evidently a favourite of the people, and by his own showing (in

which we trust he is not mistaken) he stands unrivalled in the estimation of the President ; and has so ingeniously placed himself as to defy any power, legislative, executive, or judicial, to oust him from his position.

From the Daily Advertiser, Dec. 13, 1833.

MAJOR DOWNING IN ENGLAND.—These inimitable letters, which first appeared in this paper, have been almost universally republished by the journals in this country. They have now reached London, and are copied with avidity in the leading journals of that city, and bid fair to be as extensively read in England as in this country. We regret exceedingly that they cannot be appreciated by an English reader with the same zest as by an American. The characters drawn, the masterly points made by the Major, must be lost to those who cannot, from the nature of the case, be acquainted with them. With all those disadvantages, it is no small credit to the talent of the author (and to the readers) that they should be thus favourably received.

From the Commercial Herald.

Our friend Major Downing has been knocking for three or four days at our door for admission, and was on the eve of being admitted when Mr. McDuffie thrust him aside. We admit him this morning, not doubting that our readers will greet him.

From a Virginia paper.

Major Jack Downing is becoming decidedly more popular than the *General* himself. The Major has had an *axe*

presented himself back State, and descended on us here at Washington while the General has had a lesson in Alexandria for more than a week, and went on blind as to deliver it to him. This looks equally. What a pity the ear and heart had not been received at the same moment!—the Mayor might have clapped the *E. Cabinet* into prison, and the General done the sweeping out.”

From the New-York American, Nov. 7, 1833.

ELIAS DOWNING—the only writer who, in our day, has treated political matters with equal humour and acuteness.

From the New-England Weekly Review.

There is about us eager a curiosity to know the author of the genuine letters of Major Downing, as there used to be about the letters of *Junius*.

From a New-York paper.

NATIVE MERIT.—Among the eminent men of our country who have risen to distinction, without the factitious advantages of birth or fortune, through the mere force of merit,—the innate, buoyant energies of a great mind,—Major Downing, of Downingville, the confidant of the President, and correspondent of the New-York Daily Advertiser, stands pre-eminent—high above his contemporaries in all that enters into the composition of a great character,—a noble, ingenuous spirit “that takes no private way,”—an acute, comprehensive mind,—habits of observation and research,—a profound acquaintance with human nature,—magnanimous and brave, feared at court, and a favourite of the

people. In the two latter attributes he bids fair to excel the great master whom it was once his glory to serve, as he has long been confessedly superior to all rivalry in every other. The pen, the pencil, and the press have dedicated their best services to do him honour; the *Wandering Piper* pipes his praise; and the muses have pronounced his fame, in high poetic strains, from the top of *Ida*.

From the Daily Troy Press.

ODE TO MAJOR JACK DOWNING, OF DOWNINGVILLE.

Sages of old, who long have stood
Examples to the wise and good,

And are examples still,
Behold your equal in our days,
And be it ours to sing his praise—
DOWNING, of Downingville.

'Tis his our ship of state to guide;
While dangers threaten every side
How gallantly she sails!
'Gainst all the snares her foes can lay,
To turn her from her destined way,
His Yankee tact prevails.

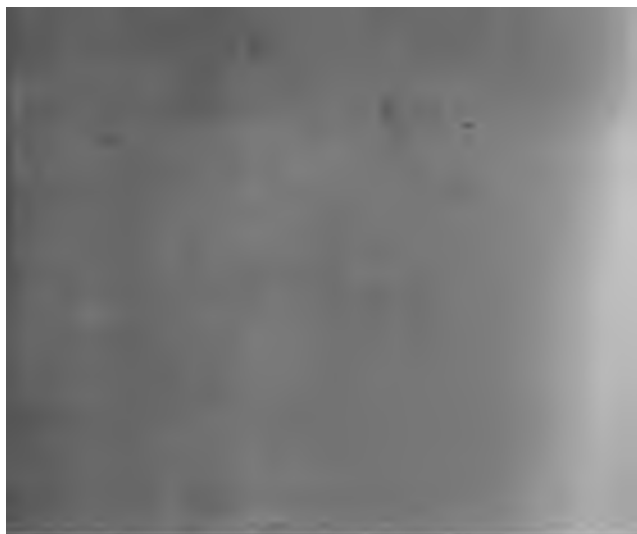
Her every move his skill directs,
Each latent rock his eye detects,
He guides her safely on;
With him 's no doubting, no delay,
His potent mandate all obey,
He speaks—and it is done.

Yes, DOWNING, all was black with fate,
And ruin menacing the state,
While every hope seem'd vain;

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